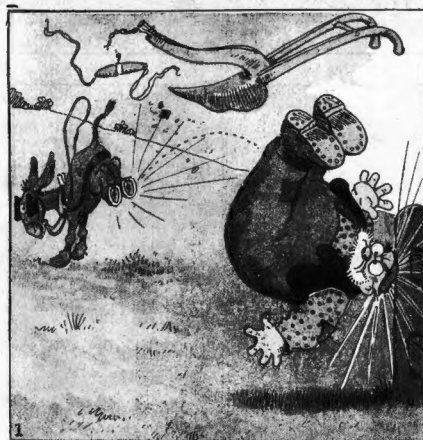


COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF
**THE BOSTON
 SUNDAY AMERICAN**
AUGUST 7th 1904
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AND HER NAME WAS MAUD!

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(To be Continued Next Sunday)

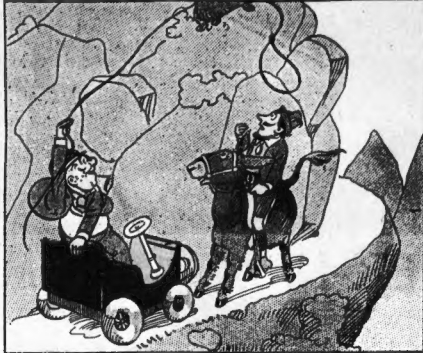
FOXY GRANDPA ABROAD

Automobiling in the Alps is Sometimes Awkward, but
Foxy Grandpa Knows How to Surmount Difficulties.

Copyright, 1934, by W. B. Mason.
Gross, Brown, Shapiro, Rosenthal.



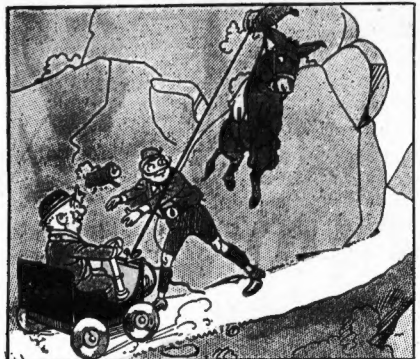
1. GRANDPA: "Dear me! How shall we pass each other?"



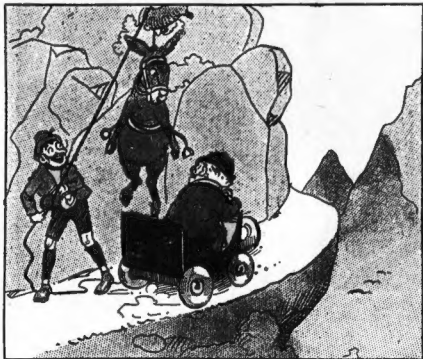
2. GRANDPA: "I will soon show you how we can manage."



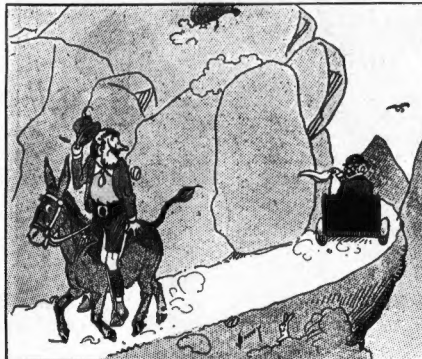
3. GRANDPA: "Slip the noose around him and fasten it tightly."



4. GRANDPA: "Now I will back up so we can fasten this end to a stump."



5. GRANDPA: "Hold on tight until I get under, then we will let him down."



6. "Adieu; auf wiedersehen."

WHILE LEANDER WAS MENDING A TIRE

Copyright, 1934, by W. B. Mason. Gross, Brown, Shapiro, Rosenthal.



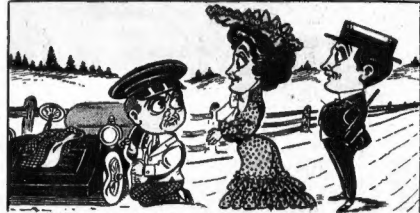
1. CHARLEY ON THE SPOT: "Why, good afternoon, Lulu. How do, Leander? Wish I could go along."
LULU: "Surely you can. Leander will be delighted to have you."
LEANDER (aside): "Heavens! Did you ever see such nerves! (To Charley) Certainly. Jump up behind, Charley."



2. CHARLEY: "I just feel like an auto ride this afternoon. In such good company, too."
LULU: "Charley, you are a flatterer, but you are welcome for all that."
LEANDER (aside): "Anyhow I'll have Lulu on the seat beside me, and he will have to ride with his back to us."



3. LULU: "Oh, Leander, what is the matter?"
LEANDER: "Confound it all! One of my tires is punctured!"
CHARLEY: "Gracious, old man, that is unfortunate!"



4. LEANDER (petulantly): "Oh, don't you two be afraid. I can patch it up. It will take a little time though."
LULU: "Well, don't be any longer than you can help."
CHARLEY: "Good for you, Leander."



5. CHARLEY: "Can I do anything to help you, Leander?"
LEANDER (sharply): "NO!"
LULU: "Don't be cross, Leander; it wasn't our fault. Come, Charley, we'll go over and watch the sunset."



6. LULU'S VOICE: "Oh, Charley, isn't it lovely? Isn't it grand?"
CHARLEY'S VOICE: "Superb, Lulu! How I love to watch the wonders of nature with one of your appreciative natures!"
LEANDER: "Ye gods! Me here in sweat and sals grease and those two up on the fence spouting!"



7. LULU'S VOICE: "Ah, Charley, such beautiful scenes should soften our hearts toward our fellow beings!"
CHARLEY'S VOICE (feelingly): "It does mine, Lulu."
LEANDER: "Great Green Eyes! Did you hear THAT? I'll go insane, I will."



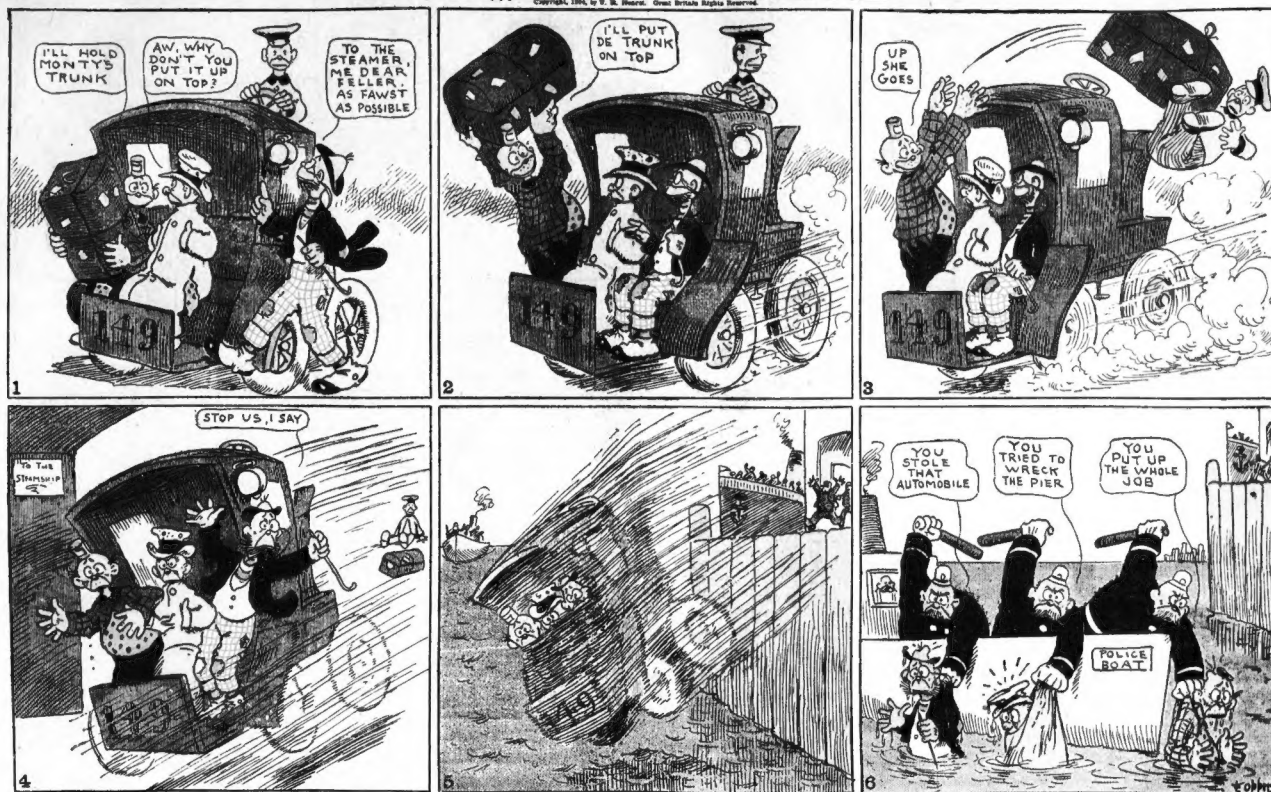
8. LEANDER (angrily): "THERE! NOW ARE YOU READY TO GO, OR WOULD YOU PREFER TO REMAIN THERE A FEW HOURS LONGER?"
LULU: "Why, Leander, how silly! Certainly we are ready."
CHARLEY: "We have been waiting on YOU, old man."



9. LULU: "Oh, Charley, if there is anything I love it is to commune with nature. That sunset was lovely."
CHARLEY: "Yes, I enjoyed it ever so much. That bursted tire was fortunate for me."
LEANDER (aside): "Ye gods! Listen to their chatter! It will drive me crazy! I wish the whole machine would blow up!"

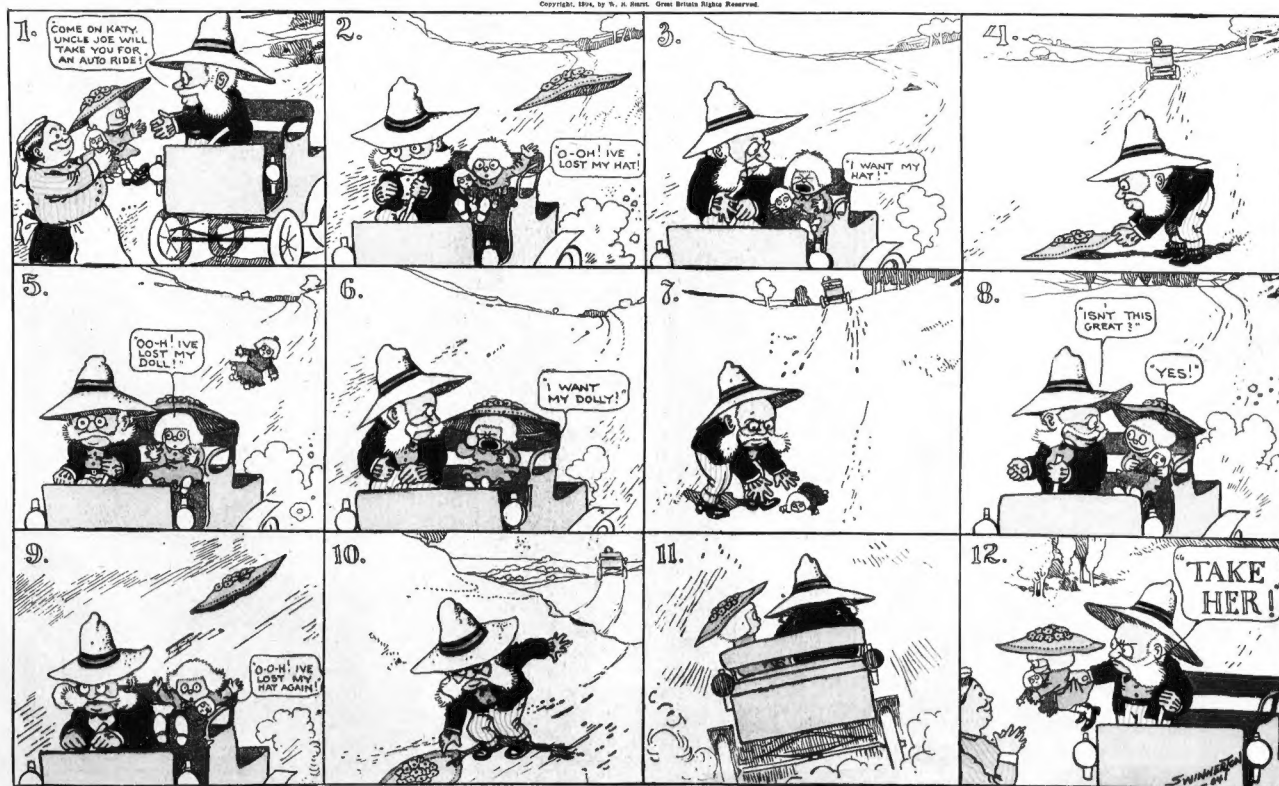
HAPPY HOOLIGAN'S BROTHER MONTMORENCY IS OFF FOR EUROPE—NEARLY

Brother Happy and Brother Gus Go to See Him Off as Usual.

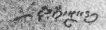


WILL UNCLE TAKE DEAR LITTLE KATY AUTOMOBILING AGAIN?

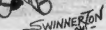
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The New Pope Celebrating Solemn High Mass in St. Peter's



This remarkable photograph, showing the new Pope, Pius X., standing at the throne in St. Peter's at Rome, was taken recently in the presence of 60,000 people, who attended the Solemn High Mass in honor of the thirteenth centenary of the death of Pope St. Gregory the Great. Surrounding the Holy Father are the Cardinals and other dignitaries of the Vatican. Thirteen hundred voices sang the responses, and this photograph, made by the Pontiff's special photographer, is the only one in existence showing a Pope standing at the throne in St. Peter's during the celebration of one of the most solemn high masses of the Catholic mother church.

"On lifting the tray down I found inside about to plunder a hen house, and was following him about for days and waited many hours at a time hoping to catch him in his last take etc. He turned toward me as he was not dead."

Papa Benedict.

the champion is

Mac as a Harriet.



MRS. C. BENEDICT.

Mr. BENEDICT'S COUNTRY PLACE NEAR GREENWICH CONN.

...not you? It is I who will live with my husband, not you.

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When the full and authentic history of Greenwich and Indian Harbor is published this triumph of little Miss Louise Adele will appear truly miraculous. Here are a few episodes which show how foolish it is for ordinary human beings to oppose the will of the Benedict who goes fishing with Grever Cleveland.

LIKE THE ORIGINAL PATRIARCHS.

After the unfortunate death of his son, F. H. Benedict, in an automobile accident, E. C. Benedict had himself appointed executor of the estate and proceeded to deal with it as though Mrs. F. H. Benedict, the widow, had had only a life interest in her husband and his affairs. He was Miss Virginia Gooder, daughter of the eminent lawyer, Frederic B. Gooder, and a considerable sum of her own money was represented in their place at Oyster Bay. To the widow's absence her father-in-law's agents went to Oyster Bay, discharged her employees, sold a sale of five stock, took an inventory of movable property and asked certain furniture, trunks, etc. E. C. Benedict's claim was that his son had been largely in his debt. The Court, however, decided that the property belonged to the widow.

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The future full and authentic history of the Benedict regime in Connecticut will tell of the banker's celebrated war with a walking edifice, as a result of which his backyard fence was half-galvanized for a long time. It will tell of the vain efforts made by the town of Greenwich to get him to pay for \$200 worth of pavement in front of his property, of his awe-inspiring attitude toward citizens and strangers who happened unawares to stand upon Benedict soil, and of many other manifestations of a character which does not inspire confidence in neighbors accustomed to "run over and borrow the evening paper."

At present Greenwich is wondering with trepidation what sort of earthquake the evening paper will make on the community in general in view of the victory of little Miss Louise Adele in being allowed to pick out her own husband. Probably it will be something awful, for they say Papa Benedict is still "mad as a hornet."

IN A HARBOR ON MR. BENEDICT'S PLANT AT INDIAN HARBOR, WHERE THEY FELT IN LOVE.

There was that all the tender nobles whose castle walls glisten and Grever Cleveland. All visiting Miss and all their ramble and retailers, tremble again and go about whispering in whispers; that the birds put the soft pedal on their fully articulated and velvet; that the little warblers in Indian Harbor tap the beach edited by the master they love eloquently; that the larks lay eggs without ceasing; of the Indian Harbor that the crows grow silently in their throats, and the little martlets. Only those humble refrain from bustling—they say that the Overland of this populous countryside is displaced and that the earth trembles at the sound of his voice.

On dit further, by way of detail, that several square yards of wistful turf have been torn out of the bosom of the Overland's lawn by the Overland's own enraged heels, while the same dread there has uprooted choice shrubs and torn the bark from trees.

"Why? Can you ask? It is very simple. It has happened before."

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It is related that Mr. Benedict forthwith set about impressing upon Miss Louise Adele the enormity of disregarding the wishes of a fond parent in such matters. Who better than a father was able to judge wisely in the matter of husbands? Who indeed? And as day by day he poured this great truth into the mind of the daughter still unwed, it is related that Papa Benedict's own cleared and his spirit rose in anticipation of a match for Miss Louise Adele that should be in every way worthy of oil and sine—

SNAP SHOT OF MISS LOUISE ADELE BENEDICT (ON THE LEFT) AND HER SISTER MRS. HASTINGS.

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Mrs. THOMAS HASTINGS, THE BANKER'S ELDER DAUGHTER.

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A YACHT CLUB ROMANCE.

Indian Harbor has a yacht club, whose fine clubhouse is overlooked by the windows of the Benedict mansion. Of course, Mr. Benedict is the prevailing genius of all the club's affairs. His steam yacht, the Onesta, is the finest vessel in the club fleet. It is not easy to obtain invitations to the Indian Harbor Yacht Club functions; but young Mr. Harmon, who was spending a few days at the Meple in Greenwich, was equal to the occasion. On July 4 he was a guest of the club at its Independence Day party and dance.

What Papa Benedict was doing is not clear. Miss Louise Adele was there, a genuine divinity, slight, very pretty in a pleasant way all her own, with her crown of reddish gold hair. Young Mr. Harmon's eyes fell on her, and it was all over with him. He was able to get an introduction—and then it was all over with Miss Louise Adele.

Perhaps it was she who managed matters so that Papa Benedict's eyes and ears were always otherwise engaged during that afternoon and evening.

The evening was the fatal period of the festivities. There is no social companion with a yacht club dance on a warm clear July evening for Cupid's dire purposes. At Indian Harbor on the night of July 4 the miles on ocean seemed created for the purpose of love-making. The still waters reflected myriad colored lights—Chinese lanterns at every masthead and festoons of them from mast to mast, but with plenty on nocks, just enough in the shadow to give lovers a grateful sense of seclusion.

These were the conditions under which it happened. Between dances, while illuminated launches drifted around the illuminated yacht at anchor, little Miss Louise Adele and young Mr. Harmon discovered that they were of one mind on the all-important subject. Mr. Harmon did not go directly to Papa Benedict. The adroit Miss Louise had received during four years had prepared her for a struggle. It was a time for diplomacy, she would see Papa Benedict and act as a sort of lightning-rod, down which the dangerous current of paternal wrath might flow harmlessly and oblige itself to the earth.

HIS FERTILE UP WHAT'S BURST FORTH.

In Greenwich, with bated breath, they give some turbulent details of this interview. They marvel at the nodding powers shown by Papa Benedict's skin during the earlier stages of the great detestment of the landscape.

"Oh, yes, I understand, you love each other dearly. How do you know you do? Have I told you that you do?"

"No, papa; but it is true."

"Hm. What do you say?"

"Clifford Harmon, papa. He's the fellow's name is?"

"Harmon? Who are the Harmons? Is he a banker?"

"Oh, papa, yes!"

"Is he a banker on Wall Street?"

"Oh, papa, yes!"

"Does he know Mr. Cleveland?"

"I think not, papa!"

"Is he a professional man? Is he at the head of his profession?"

"Yes, papa, yes, what is he?"

"Yes, papa, he buys and sells real estate!"

"Real estate! And he has the nerve to want to marry my daughter? How along child, before I lose my temper!"

"Papa, I love him and I am going to marry him!"

"What! Have I been retired? Are you managing the affairs of the family?"

"It is I who am marrying Mr. Harmon."

...not you? It is I who will live with my husband, not you.

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The future full and authentic history of the Benedict regime in Connecticut will tell of the banker's celebrated war with a walking edifice, as a result of which his backyard fence was half-galvanized for a long time. It will tell of the vain efforts made by the town of Greenwich to get him to pay for \$200 worth of pavement in front of his property, of his awe-inspiring attitude toward citizens and strangers who happened unawares to stand upon Benedict soil, and of many other manifestations of a character which does not inspire confidence in neighbors accustomed to "run over and borrow the evening paper."

At present Greenwich is wondering with trepidation what sort of earthquake the evening paper will make on the community in general in view of the victory of little Miss Louise Adele in being allowed to pick out her own husband. Probably it will be something awful, for they say Papa Benedict is still "mad as a hornet."

IN A HARBOR ON MR. BENEDICT'S PLANT AT INDIAN HARBOR, WHERE THEY FELT IN LOVE.

There say that all the tender nobles whose castle walls glisten and Grever Cleveland. All visiting Miss and all their ramble and retailers, tremble again and go about whispering in whispers; that the birds put the soft pedal on their fully articulated and velvet; that the little warblers in Indian Harbor tap the beach edited by the master they love eloquently; that the larks lay eggs without ceasing; of the Indian Harbor that the crows grow silently in their throats, and the little martlets. Only those humble refrain from bustling—they say that the Overland of this populous countryside is displaced and that the earth trembles at the sound of his voice.

On dit further, by way of detail, that several square yards of wistful turf have been torn out of the bosom of the Overland's lawn by the Overland's own enraged heels, while the same dread there has uprooted choice shrubs and torn the bark from trees.

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Another of the Overland's children has pronounced to fall in love without his sanction.

It is announced that Miss Louise Adele Benedict, daughter of E. C. Benedict—who pressed and hammered something like \$8,000,000 out of oil and sine and has risen to fame as the Roosevelt to the Johnson of Grever Cleveland—is engaged to marry Clifford B. Harmon, of the real estate firm of Wood, Harmon & Co.

At first sight this match does not seem reprehensible, even from the worldly standpoint. Young Mr. Harmon's firm is a really important concern. It has branches in at least twenty-five different cities. It has created probably three times that number of choice suburban residence sections on the pretence of, "why pay rent when you can own your own home?" and young Mr. Harmon—who looks like President Roosevelt, and is pretty nearly as strenuous—seems his comfortable share of the profits. At first sight no one would suspect this to be a shocking scandal.

It is not suburban real estate as aristocrats as oil and sine—even as the pompous companionship of an ex-president of this democratic country.

VALENT FORBIDDEN THE BARS.

nevertheless has been elected to look at the thing differently. He recalls the subterranean ramblings all about the Benedict estate and grounds at Indian Harbor four years ago when, as Helen B. Benedict testified on marrying the brilliant artist-architect who designed the Italian terraces and pergolas which transformed the whole Benedict estate into fairyland. The genius of this transformation was Thomas Hastings. As Miss Helen watched the charming ideal materialize she lost her heart to the artist. When she learned that she had suffered no loss, but had merely exchanged her own heart for that of Mr. Hastings, they went to the matter of the premises and told him about it.

How the surrounding scenery was devastated by the corrupt parent is now related in Greenwich in discreet whispers. How he sternly forbade the beach, how he went off fishing with Grever Cleveland in the hope of thus getting his indignation out of his system, and how he came back only to capitulate to his determined daughter and "marry his son." In the language of the Orientals, by giving the young couple a grand wedding, that was the fall of the whole country.

It is related that Mr. Benedict forthwith set about impressing upon Miss Louise Adele the enormity of disregarding the wishes of a fond parent in such matters. Who better than a father was able to judge wisely in the matter of husbands? Who indeed? And as day by day he poured this great truth into the mind of the daughter still unwed, it is related that Papa Benedict's own cleared and his spirit rose in anticipation of a match for Miss Louise Adele that should be in every way worthy of oil and sine—

...not you? It is I who will live with my husband, not you.

And then the design. Though this was nearly a month ago, and Miss Louise Adele has triumphed, and the engagement has been announced, it is apparent in Greenwich that the forces of nature have not yet recovered their equilibrium. Not until the happy wedding day has come and gone will the inhabitants feel that their section of the earth's crust affords a secure foothold.

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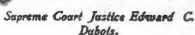
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Peeped through a crack in the door to verify witnesses' testimony, and the other judicial exploits of Rhode Island's famous divorce Justice.



A Stepladder Proposition.

Mrs. Fitz pleaded for divorce on grounds of non-support, desertion and gross misbehavior. She said she had been married for 17 years and that her husband had proven her assertions. Mr. Fitz retorted with charges of unfaithfulness, offering the testimony of private detectives, and named Dr. J. H. Cannon, a prominent physician of the city; Manuel Bernheim, an auctioneer; and Thomas H. Cannon, a handsome and popular actor, as the persons with whom he had been stationed for years at the nearby crossing of Dorrance and Westminster streets. So handsome and popular is Cannon that it is said that he has been known to block out of their way in order to have his able assistance in crossing the street.

Mr. Fitz's detective witnesses testified to the fact that they had seen Cannon and were sure that he was the man who was stealing things within the studio and the adjoining sleeping apartment which, if true, would have warranted the husband in demanding divorce.

Why We Pr

policeman in the hall after he had parted from Mrs. Fitz, and said:

The Justice a Willing Expert.
Attorney Champlin for the husband at this point came forward with a motion that the Court take the unprecedented course

ray When We Ar

Ellis H. Hanneswell

Counsel for Mrs. Fitts interposed no objection, as to have done so would have savored of weakness, and the Court consented with such alacrity that the lawyers, court attendants and spectators gasped in amazement.

The entire party adjourned at 4:30 p. m. to the Hotel Hallett Annex, Justice Dubois in the van. Mounting the winding staircase to the first floor, the party entered the narrow corridor leading from east to west and started for room 56, in which had stood the command room.

e in Trouble.

Edward
F. Fite

At the door they were halted. The door was locked. Proprietor Tellow, who was one of the witnesses for Mrs. Pitt, was hastily summoned.

"Open the door," ordered the Court.
"I can't," said Mr. Tellow, "it is locked."
"Get the key," was the next order.
"I haven't got it," was the reply.
"Get the key to some other door, then, and let us in," he was told.
Finally a key was found and the room was entered. The bed, whose head was up against the tell-tale door, was promptly moved out into the middle of the room, the blinds were closed and the curtains were pulled down. A step-ladder was brought

late requisition, as the room was high audited and the august divorce court justice, after persons had been sent into the studio and living room adjoining under orders to duplicate the noises testified to, mounted almost to the top of the ladder and applied his judicial eye to the crack between the door and the casing on the side nearest the

The petition of her husband be granted, and, further, that the husband should have the custody of the two children, a boy and a girl, who had been living with their mother.

The attitude of husband and wife during the two days' court proceedings had been

in marked contrast. Naturally pale, Mrs. Fitz's color had been heightened by a sense of the shameful revelations that had been made and their possible effect upon his once happy family. He sat with head downcast, almost tearful. Mrs. Fitz, however, sat close to her counsel, one leg thrown over the other part of the time and betraying no sign of emotion. She was arrayed, despite her plea of non-support, in a stylish black silk skirt, white black-figured silk shirtwaist, burnt orange straw hat, ornate

mented with feathers and ribbons to match. She wore gold-bowed eyeglasses perched jauntily on an aggressively retreousse nose, and her round, slightly freckled face was impassive, hardly taking on animation, even when she turned to whisper a suggestion to her attorney. On her fingers were diamond rings and in her ears pearls, and she toyed

[illegible]

Why We Pray When We Are in Trouble

with the observance of complete obedience to God's will—prayed fervently that the doom *He* foresaw might be averted. Again, it is almost impossible to distinguish between ap-spiritual and temporal benefits, so complex is the world we live in. Most men in the present are simply content to be happy in their own little world. When the doctor tells us that life is extinct we have not the power to pray that that life may return to the body; but who can tell how many calamities may have been avoided by a *ap-spiritual* suggestion? To deny that instances of answers to prayer have occurred is, in the opinion of the author, to be at least, to stunt one's eyes to evidence.

"The explanation of the whole matter

which commands itself to our mind is this — that prayer is a beneficent force to which our instant hearts witness. That which we so dimly realize, our Lord, with His infinitely greater spiritual sensitiveness, clearly saw — so clearly that He could hardly and words strong enough to express His mind, could so simply and so fully impart to His followers. He speaks as though those who pray put in motion some force whose working is as certain as that of any law of nature, and He teaches this as part of the Christian faith. But exactly how that law works we do not know, and He did not explain. Why He did not every one of us can only guess. But we can agree with the dogmatic medium through which He is able to receive the Christian prayer.

After an hour listening to the testimony, the jury, directed and assisted by the judge, returned a verdict of guilty. The jury was then taken to the courtroom and the judge read the verdict to the jury. The jury then returned to the courtroom and the judge read the verdict to the jury. The jury then returned to the courtroom and the judge read the verdict to the jury.

the Japanese air covered with Cubes.
The police officer, whose seat was the
transferred by the Police, Commissioner
His time was changed from day to night
went to the South station division, com
named Loskyville.

Many had lost Ruby's willingness
of expert witness
highly commended, as the
getting at the truth. After all his ac
in the attitude of an evangelist undist
ified and calculated to prove the
law. All admit, however, that Ruby
the Police's divorce court, a model
"fingerprint" as the
continued in reuniting the
of blood and reformation the
of blood.

Mrs. Edward E. Fitz.

[illegible]

The Justice Department has notified that the marriage of Hollis H. Hunnewell and the former wife of Arthur T. Kemp, at Newport on November 27, within a hour after the divorce decree of divorce had been handed by the Maine justice having granted the divorce.

Shocked Rhode Island Ministers.

The wedding occurred at the Green, cottage, where Mrs. Frederic Nelson, representative, mother of the bride, was staying. Hollis H. Hunnewell, the bridegroom, was 36 years old; his first wife, who is now Mrs. John B. Tooker, died August 10, 1908. The bride, Mrs. Arthur T. Kemp, was 34 years old. Her husband, Arthur T. Kemp, died June 1, 1908.

entirely warm

who gave her bride away, was his wife, who is now Mrs. J. Jr.

The attitude of the parties in "divorce-oracle" parties* that the clergywomen were inspired and pledge themselves not to sign any divorce ordinance unless on either than Scriptural grounds.

One Justice Dubois danced for the rapid-fire divorce suits than he has discounted efforts. At the present time, the divorce suits are not as numerous as the first few days of the session more than one hundred were disposed of in less than 1,000 cases, an average of 100 a day.

ten minutes," and nearly 80 of the whole number granted a familiar "smoke to provide," which the combined ministers of protested so earnestly when the Reform act was pending in Assembly.

The plaintiff-defendant in the double Justice Dubois acted both as expert witness and Mrs. Minnie Pitts of Edward E. Fitz, president of the Nicholson Film Company, the most important manufacturing company in the country, with plants in States, which Mr. Fitz has locally.

a virulent and handsome

witness and
No conscient

ears and the ears alternately
creak near the top of the door
we saw and heard many things
they testified, caused sensitive
in a crowded courtroom to retire
door, while others covered their
remained to hear it all. De-
dations and Gray testified to visit
police man and by the sentence
occasions before - October 28
er 23, when the deamement
was when Mr. Fitz stopped the

many present
say one set
tively that
board, and
were just as
be seen and
could decide
ed divorce
The Judge
Attorney Co
this point ca
the Court to

Why We Pray

acquired habit of civilized man —with the

prayer when in acute distress, what their religion may be, and what a humane instinct which almost no human disappointment is inadequate. Farsening this line of recent contributor to the London points out that those who delivered from some sudden need do not ask to have words written in which they may express them and they do not turn to the corner of the Bible.

suggested to all men to pray for the needs of livelihood, and by their own account, prayed for themselves. Our Lord himself

the credibility of the others, could not have
long judge hearing the testi- Counsel for

by both sexes could possibly be witnessed who testified positive things were seen and heard by a set of witnesses who testified they could not remember, even had they happened. For either—yet both want—degrees.

Justice a Willing Expert.
 The champion for the husband at the bar went forward with a motion that the case be dropped. He made the unprecedented course

of suggestion, as a defense, that the wife be sworn of and sentenced with a court attended by a member of the bar.

The entire case to the 5th narrow circuit and started the case the cardroom

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for—might be averted. It is almost impossible to distinguish a spiritual and temporal benevolence in the world we live in. In the present day simply could what seems to them a miracle. The doctor tells us that life is experienced not the power to pray that we return to the body; but who have many calamities may have been led by a spiritual suggestion? And instances of answers to prayer occurred in, in the opinion of the writer at least, to shut out evidence. The explanation of the whole matter

"I have been seen and heard,"

have done so would have
crackdown, and the Court com-
much alacrity that the lawyers,
and spectators gaped in
amazement.

The party adjourned at 4:30 p. m.
Hallert Annex, Justice Deane's
courtroom. The party entered the
courtroom leading from east to west
of the courtroom, in which had stood
persons making mental and other
statements.

Trouble.

...to your mind is this

Stood gazing
After squinting
seeing all the
applied his feet
listened with
training had
those which
to were made
yond. A sat
the judicial
the
had lasted
der to return
legs. Once
Hill.
Once there
case. The
of Mrs. Pitts

...The attitude of the two de-

[illegible]

An Hour's Listening.—The most complicated case transferred to Justice Dubois His time was taken up and from his court he sent to the jury ten times called for evidence. Many had been present at the highly committal proceedings getting at the truth in the attitude of a witness, notified and cross-examined by the lawyer of the law, Mr. J. C. Dubois' case for discharges, the time consumed being three hours and twenty minutes of three days.

of husband and wife during

her counsel, one leg thrown over her part of the time and betrayed of emotion. She was arrayed in a dress of non-support, in a stylish skirt, white black-figured all over, a burnt orange straw hat, ornate with feathers and ribbons to match. Her head was crowned with a pair of gold-bowed eyeglasses perched on her aggressively retreousse nose. Her face, slightly freckled face was busily taking on animation, even to a whisper a suggestion to her ears fingers were diamond-cut. Her hair, were the toyes these fan covered with Cupids. The officer, whose beat was the

... in the city, was promptly
by the Police Commissioner
s changed from days to nights
the centre of the city he was
Seventh station division, some
Lonelyville.

Justice Dubola's willingness to
function of expert witness
sensible, as the best way to
the truth. Others call his ac
ade of an eavesdropper undig
calculated to lower the majesty
All admit, however, that Jus
divorce court is a model cou
ing business, even allowing fo
in remaining there for four
corroborating the testimony
fective.

You Are Fined \$25 Miss Scubrette

SHOUTED THE MANAGER

How the Man Who
Wrote "Navajo"
Eloped with the
Girl that Sang It,
and the Best Man
Was the Fellow
Who Wrote "Hia-
waitha."

the married in Chicago. He chaperoned
or to Washington on the boat, and finally
frustrated us back by train. Why, now that
I think of it, did we go to Washington any
way, my dear?"

Mr. Van Alstyne looked in a puzzled
way at Mrs. Van Alstyne.
"I think Mr. Moret suggested it," said
the lady, also looking puzzled. "He said
it would be more fun. Didn't you, Nell?
After all, we had got ourselves in his
hands. Hadn't we, dear?"

"Indeed, we had. Oh, by the way, Nell,
how much was that marriage fee, say
what?"
The newly made husband thrust his
hand into his pocket and the guests sang:
"O, the moon is all aglow on the stream"
and the manager Cleveland offered his arm to
Miss May Hanger for the march, the bride
and groom following, while Mr. Nell Moret
conducted Miss Rose Hanger and the Cobby
family, and Harrigan, and George Evans
and the rest joined in:
"I am your own, your Hiawatha bride."
My heart is yours, you know.
Dear one, I love you so.
Oh, Hiawatha, gentle maid, decide,
Dedite and say you'll be
My Indian bride."

Over the Hanger Cup.
Over the Hanger Cup, the story of the re-
marriage was told. It was short wedding, as
often happens in stagehands, where delibera-
tion is only a half whisper, they sang:
"Down on the sand hills of New Mexico
There lives an Indian maid.
Bare of the ribs they call Navajo."
Then all went back to the wings to gossip

was married this afternoon at Wash-
ington to Mr. Robert Van Alstyne, the brilliant
young composer of "Navajo" and "The
Sundown."
A great sign went up from the audience
greater vanderbilt. One of the equilib-
riums assisted his choicest and most com-
plex ensemble, in which he resembled a
pink housewife. The Hanger Sisters fol-
lowed forth gracefully to wish the bride a
blue ball of joy, and the Cobby family and
dancers arranged upon their fiddle strings the
opening strains of a popular song, at which
the company cheered softly, for the audi-
ence was gathered in front, and the bride
blushed. To a half whisper, they sang:
"Down on the sand hills of New Mexico
There lives an Indian maid.
Bare of the ribs they call Navajo."
Then all went back to the wings to gossip

66 "Aha, my Navajo," he cried.
The first and second violins.
"I have a love for you, that
will grow." The answer came in lilting as
surrender from the first.

"If you will have a cone for a bean," the
troubadour suggested, by way of a solo, and
all the instruments blared forth in joyous
chorus, "I'll be your Navajo."

The audience hummed and whistled after
the orchestra stopped playing. It twisted
about in its seat in good-humored search
for people it knew. That device exhausted,
it shuffled about. Then it began to stamp.
Finally from the gallery came an answer
catal. The audience of the Cleveland The-
atre at Chicago was obviously impatient.

Manager Cleveland's party form edged its
way out of the box office, bustled down the
side aisle and dashed upon the stage.

"What's the matter?" he roared. "Why
don't you hang out the J. cat? Why isn't
the bell blunder turn on?"

"We didn't hang out the card because
Miss Henry isn't here," the stage manager
answered.

"Why isn't she here? Where is she? Why
haven't you telephoned her home?"

"We have. They say she left the hotel
at noon with two young men and hasn't
been seen since."

And the Manager bowed.

Whereas Mr. Cleveland swore as furiously
that the Irish comedians, Callahan and
Mack, just their heads out of their dress-
ing room door and yelled "Fire!" and a
"Tilted" girl in blue gown and silver
sashes ran down two flights of stairs,
past the stage door, and on the street,
before any one could check her mad flight.

"Hang out the K card and tell the Hanger
sisters to get ready for their turn. Tell
the orchestra—tell them to play 'Navajo'
again!" and Mr. Cleveland, growing in
strange language and scowling unaccountably,
went back to "the front."

"Hare, Nava, Navajo!" squealed the ad-
dress. The storm of carolla ceased and a
voice piped from the rear darkness:

"I have a love for you that will grow."
Agile peace brooded with dove's wing
over the audience. The Hanger sisters
danced their daintiest, but the clouds
never left Manager Cleveland's face. Miss
Louise Henry had absented herself with-
out permission from the afternoon perform-
ance. She had duped the audience of
one of the best features of his greater
Vaudeville programme. Miss Henry must
be punished.

At eight o'clock a tall, pretty girl in a
long, silver gown that clink and carrying a
suit case, pushed upon the stage door
and nodded respectfully at the doorman.

"I took her dressing room from her. Her
mail and hummed blithely as she glanced at
her letters.

So Manager a "Miss."
"Nava, Nava, Navajo."
"Gee!" Miss Henry, granted the call
boy.

"Gee!" she said, but you needn't call
me Miss Henry any more. She laughed
and she started to her dressing room. The
chaffed call boy whistled as she disap-
peared.

"Nava, Nava."
He stopped suddenly because of what he
saw. Miss Henry had stopped for another
little "good evening" to her manager.

Mr. Cleveland, surrounded by the vau-
deville artists awaiting their turn, looked
a worried thing at her. George Evans,
standing just behind him, burst out and
grinning at "Honey Boy," shook his head
and pretended to snort. Callahan and
Mack.

March, ready for their sketch, "The Old
Neighborhood," turned up their eyes in hor-
ror. The Hanger sisters stopped their
plunging long enough to look pretty
sorry. Harrigan, the tramp juggler, looked
as mischievous as Harry Houdini looks when
he feels the familiar but unresisting clutch
of his foe, the policeman. One of the Cobby
family comic-strip dropped a bone, and the
clatter of the falling instrument echoed
dimly in the silence and darkness of the
night stage. Orville and Frank, the equilib-
rists, twisted their legs in impromptu
business and yet introduced to any of their
turns. Somebody would have roared had
not Manager Cleveland, still with forehead
levelled, broken the silence with a roar.

"You are fined \$25, Miss Scubrette."

But she never blinked.

To every one's astonishment Miss Henry
did not burst into tears. She only smiled
and beckoned to the man of wrath.

"Come here, Mr. Cleveland, please. I
want to speak to you," she cooed.

"She's going to kiss him," gasped the
girl in blue gown and silver sashes.

"Maybe she'll scratch his eyes out," said
the female equilibrist in alligator skin

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Mrs. Louise Henry-Van Alstyne, Who Married One Composer While the Other "Assisted."

Peter A.
Schell,
New York

Egbert Van Al-
styne, Composer of
"Navajo"

troubadour, "I always did love stage business," greater vanderbilt. Miss Henry and Mr.
But, to the amusement of all of the Cleveland were chatting light-heartedly

The Kind of Girls Who Have the Best Chance of Getting Married and Being Happy.

There are few girls who seem to have many girls who cannot take an interest in
realize what a man really requires interest in a man's pursuits and ambitions. It is to
girl who wishes to be happily married to a world, so to speak, composed mainly of the
in choosing a life partner a man invariably says they may dabble in domestic work. A
decided on a woman who, were she a man, but they regard the latter in the light of
would be his best friend and closest com- a society, instead of something to be
only undertaken and thoroughly learned, perhaps, but also so intimate know-
in order to fit them for the position of his work and ambitions, so that he may not
able to talk to her and be understood, appears to be too selfish. There seems to
To then a man's work and ambitions are so carefully leaving a man to talk over his
as difficult to understand as the Greek and his work and difficulties, a girl can be
no man's work and ambitions, a girl can be

who like that may be termed the thorough-
the man who will be content with a simple life. And it is surprising how few girls
can amuse, and who exhibits at times
these feminine follies which make a
will woman so dear to a man's heart. At the
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Nell Moret, Composer of "Hiawatha."

good-naturedly about the wedding, for the
certain had risen.
"Mr. Moret's" name "went" better.
Perhaps it was because the audience was
unusually in sympathy with the son
of a man's worst happiness. Perhaps she was
clever than usual because of a pair of
loving eyes and another pair of gently
friendly ones watching her from the front.
At any rate, Manager Cleveland found
centres of both, and there was a smiling
conference. The trio went behind the scenes
and there, with the magic of stage wonder,
was a long table on which was a wedding
banquet from the center, and the
which set the whole company, the bride
bustling busily at the head.

The bridegroom took his place at her
right and the stranger at her left. The
bridegroom made a speech and introduced
the stranger, Mr. Nell Moret, and by
bannisters pounded wildly on the table.

"He stage managed the whole affair,"
Mr. Van Alstyne explained. "He was best
of the theatre, powerful to engage or
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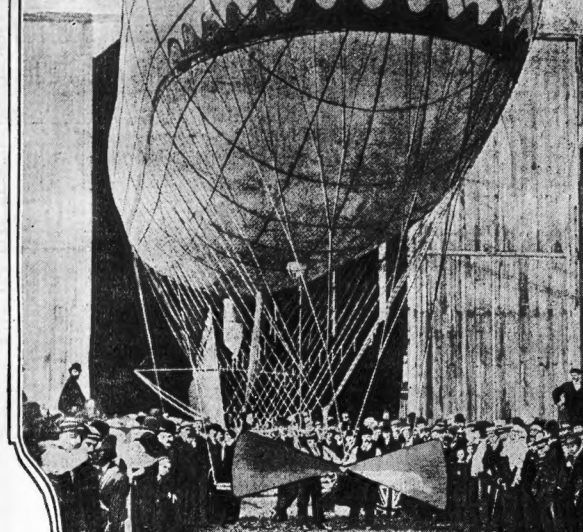
91 AIRSHIPS R FOR THE WAR

Never in the History of the World Have the Eyes of Man Beheld Such a Spectacle as Is Promised in the Coming Flying Machine Race at St. Louis.

A mile course and return with a machine similar in principle to that used in the present race.
Each vehicle shall carry at least one person during its flight.
The competitor making the best average speed in three revolutions of the course at not less than twenty miles an hour shall be awarded the \$100,000 prize. Three trips must be made, the official time to be the average of the three best performances.
The course begins and ends in the athletic amphitheatre near the Administration Building. Shaped like the letter L, the course shall have one short leg to full view from all parts of the Exposition grounds.



The Remarkable Double-Barrelled Roze Airship



Mr. Spencer's Great Airship Starting on the First Voyage Ever Made Over London by Airship.

NEXT month in St. Louis there promises to be a spectacle the world has never before witnessed, nor, indeed, has the mind of man ever fully pictured, even in imagination. Within it has been the dream of mankind to some day navigate the air. It has remained for the St. Louis World's Fair to assemble together the various flying machines of the twentieth century in a great race among the clouds for a prize of \$100,000. At this moment there are entered almost one hundred airships—wings, balloons, blimps, aeroplanes and aerostats. It is almost beyond human imagination to conceive of a race through the sky of these ninety-one flying machines. Starting from a given point in the Exposition grounds, they must mount into the air and navigate over a course mapped out by the Exposition authorities.

The judges will be stationed in captive balloons high up in the air at points along the course. No man can predict the peculiar complications, collisions and upsets and accidents which are possible, splitting out the navigators and bringing down the shattered airships on the heads of the observers underneath. No more unique, picturesque and memorable spectacle one will be witnessed.

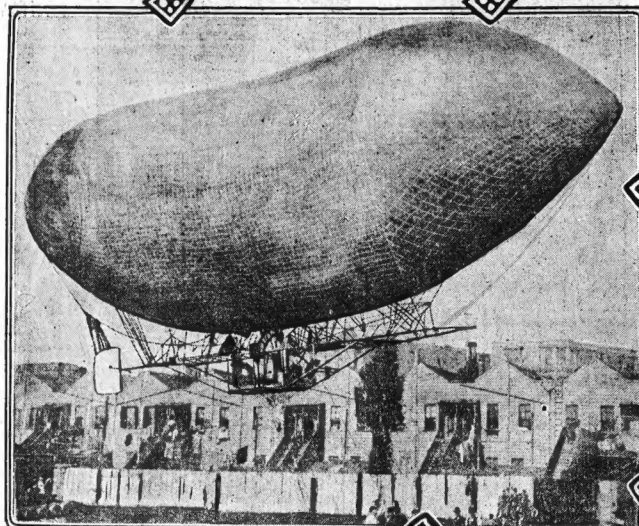
Fifty of the competitors are already on the ground with their flying machines complete and ready for the race. Others are an airship coming from Germany, England and France. All of them are confident of winning the grand prize of \$100,000, or at least of sharing in the additional \$50,000 offered as minor prizes. Whichever airship is the first to alight over the Dream City with the sound of pistol ruffs, racking and riving at the will of human beings and sailing swiftly and accurately above and around the L-shaped course over which the race will be sailed, those great artificial birds will represent the aggregate dreaming and scheming of thousands of men for thousands of years in their titanic struggle to solve the problem of the air. Every hat ever ventured and every experiment made by aerostats will be represented by the builders and pilots of the new White Squadron which will sail or fall in the Exposition city.

Will they sink or will they swim and thereby pass probably the most stuporous milestone ever encountered by man in their efforts to rival the birds? One hundred thousand dollars is a tempting bait, even though the contestants have their lives in their hands when they attempt to fly up and pick the winning prize. Success, even though partial, will mean for the aeronaut an eternal lease on the hall of fame. Failure, on the other hand, may spell death in any tragic letters. For as the huge airships sail from their moorings and glide gracefully up and out over their course they will be directly over thousands—possibly hundreds of thousands—of spectators whom the Exposition management has assured will witness the strange drama in the skies. A false move, a slip of the hand or brain on the part of the aeronaut or a defect in the machinery of his ship may precipitate a tragic and appalling climax. It may mean death and destruction not only for sailor and ship, but for those in the huge audience who may be crushed to death under the falling monster. This is one of the perils which cannot be adequately guarded against, since a wild airship may fall in any part of the vast enclosure with its warning, sky-racing, defunctive possibility.

Only a few days ago the ninety-first entry was received by the department of Aeronautics. The entry came from France and it was unofficially announced as that of the Lebedy Brothers. Accompanying this, as with all other entries, was a draft for \$250 as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the competitor.

There were a few of international importance and mean the actual queen of the airship age. If even one of two competitive airships win their prize and vindicate the pledges of their inventors it will mean the ultimate achievement of the railway as a mode of locomotion. It will mean the complete eclipse of the thoroughbred and all the fast-moving animals of earth. It will give men the omnipotent power which they covet of the angels, and finally it will mean the complete revolution of the method of war.

By a strange coincidence the misanthropic destroyers and those of the air are being developed and perfected simultaneously. Hence millions of eyes will be directly focused upon the aerial performances on the banks of the Mississippi during the next few weeks.

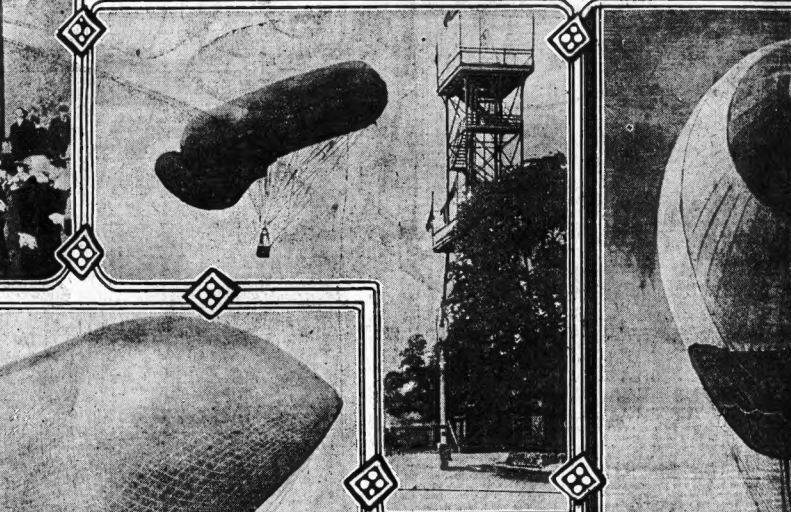


The Greth Airship (American) on a Voyage Over San Francisco.
(From the Scientific American.)

Only a short time ago the novelist, H. G. Wells, declared that the airship would soon be unfurled from its cocoon. Few people, he fancied, who knew the work of Langley, Lilienthal, Picher, Martin and Chanute but were inclined to believe that long before the year 2000 A. D., and very probably before 1950, he finally added, a successful aeroplanes will have soared and some home safe and sound. Directly that is accomplished the new invention will be most surely applied to war, was his opinion. But he did not surmise that his dream was probably to come true so soon. They have truth and prove stronger than fiction.

Since the recent mutilation of "Santa-Dominic No. 7" in St. Louis many people have been asking if the Brazilian aeroplanist is afraid of losing his laurels, or to display the victim of romantic-ship unfortunate circumstances? Considering the amount of publicity given him and a few of his peers, comparatively little is known of the four-score odd aeronauts who are grooming their aerial racers for the September-October contest. Nor is it generally known just what the rules and regulations are governing the spectacle.

Here are summarized the leading features of the competition as framed by the St. Louis World's Fair officials:
No applicant shall be admitted who has not presented satisfactory evidence of having at some time made a flight over at least



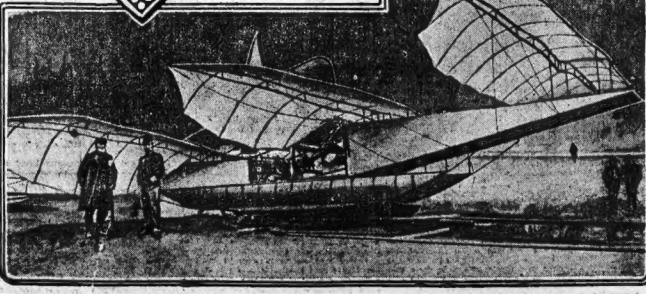
The Worm Shaped Austrian Airship Making a Voyage Over Vienna.

Side View of the Kress (German) Flying Machine, With the Inventor Standing at the Left.

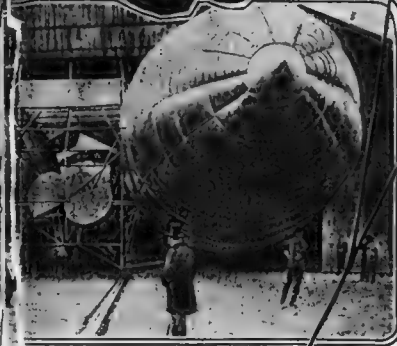
The Famous French War

airship. It shall be anchored at an altitude of 500 feet or more than 5000 feet. Starts must be made before November 1 two or more days further trial will be adjudged. Additional prize amounting to \$1,000, shall be awarded or bought; make the longest flight, time and, finally, for landing nearest the Washington, the start being at St. Louis.

All the four stars, and more, will make or break their position. Sir Hiram Maxim, a Canadian, Professor Langley (H. Spencer), B. Alexander Barrow, watched with profound interest, representing Indiana: H. Morris and H. A. Kessler, of St. Louis; T. Hoot, of Kentucky, a pilot as many dark horses. Flying over the Kansas-Ohio able battle as it was and the Greth airship is noticeable. It is on this page as it appeared in being parked and loaded on preparing for flight on the University of California. It is the first time about a year or will, gracefully changing his old city, and demonstrated, control. It is a sign-ship, which is suspended a mile or is driven by a propeller and miles an hour and having a jet. Only partially blackened by aerial navy power in Indefinite, which is now being built, ground. Had this formidable fiasco of earth it would have done it in a plain propeller and



READY TO GO



st Leaving Its Shed.—French.

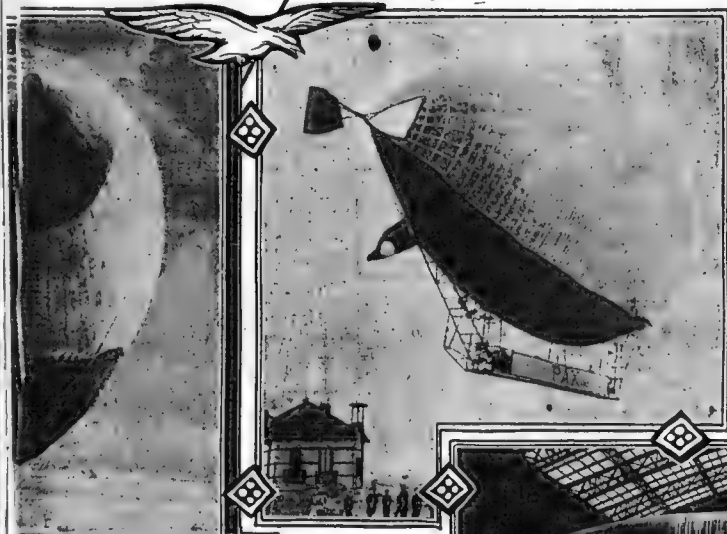


A Race Among the Clouds with the Judges in Captive Balloons in Mid-Air.

100 feet over all, and in recent trials attained Paris by sailing over the city at an average speed of twenty-two miles an hour.

This monster is provided by a forty-horse-power Diesel motor actuating two double-acting propellers arranged on each side of the car, in the interior of which revolves the driving shaft. The propellers are used in the coming runs are eight feet in diameter and perform from 500 to 1,000 revolutions a minute. The Le

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Severo's Dirigible Airship
"Pax" Flying
Over the Suburbs
of Paris.

The

Curious
German Aluminum Airship.

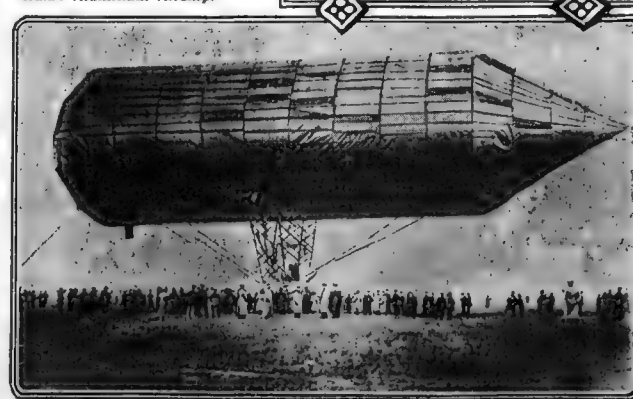
Balloon "La France."

and by three captive balloons attached to the car.

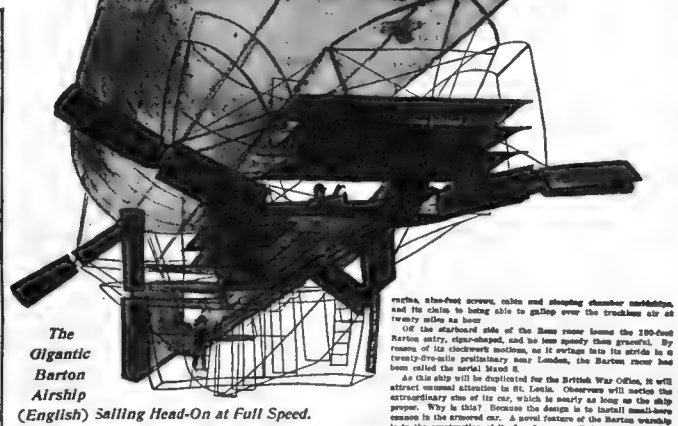
The car will be not less than 100 ft. in length, and will be made of aluminum. It is now being made at the factory of the American-Journal-Bureau, and is expected to be ready for the competition in the month of June.

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German Aluminum Airship.



The
Gigantic
Barton
Airship
(English) Sailing Head-On at Full Speed.



car, also, the motor, cabin and steering chamber, and its claim to being able to sail over the trackless air at twenty miles an hour.

Of the start-up side of the race, the Barton is the most interesting. It is a small, light, and fast, and is expected to be ready for the competition in the month of June.

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The Big Lebaudy Airship Photographed Just Before It Was Shipped from Paris.

The big Lebaudy airship is a small, light, and fast, and is expected to be ready for the competition in the month of June.

The big Lebaudy airship is a small, light, and fast, and is expected to be ready for the competition in the month of June.



A—Showing how a mesh of silver lilies, in metallic lace, is applied.

THE imports of trimmings upon a gown can scarcely be overestimated, designed as brides, now that dresses are so perfectly fitted, the woman who can dress well, often more than one sort of effort. It may either trimmings being put upon the same gown. Like a foreign officer in his uniform, the gentleman has practically reached the height of his decoration. For modern women do not go quite so far as to use threads of pure gold and embroidery of real jewels except upon their dresses. Here, jeweled ornaments are used, although not lavishly, upon the borders of gowns trimmed with very fine imitations of jewels, and with beautiful meshes and lace of gold and silver alloy. These laces are wrought in rather open patterns and come in all styles of arabesque and classical as well as in patterns

—Fetching spangle passementerie in blackberries and foliage.

Glittering gold and silver trimmings—Gold braid upon smart gowns—Cobweb and wide passementeries in vogue—Valenciennes eries favorites in wash lar upon thin fabrics as zontal box pleats and smartest trimmings of the and puffed ones the reignmings—Fringe used as modish—Ruffles and mings for quaint, smart

D—Dress trimmed with bands of

By
MRS. ROBERT OSBORN
CREATOR OF FASHIONS FOR THE FASHIONABLE WOMEN OF AMERICA

trimming of satin

lace a feature in fine dress and silver used freely webs of iridescent beads of jet, sequins and beads lace and Batiste embroid-trimmings—Braids popu-well as stiff ones—Hori-French folds among the season—Shirred bands ing favorites among trim-trimming and dangles very flounces established trim-gowns.

silver cobweb and rose decorations.



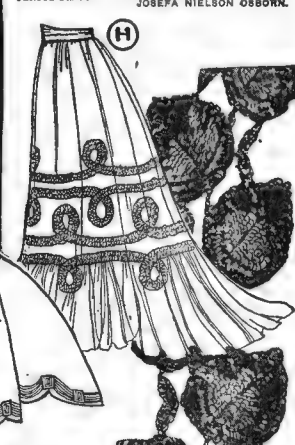
B—Black jet passementerie on chiffon foundation.

are decidedly among the most popular trimmings of the day. They fit in well with the smartest of the season and are youthful and becoming as well as quaint. Perhaps the most popular trimmings of the season are the three-horned hats which have been the fashion for some time. These are of many colors to match the costume, and are of many materials.

Of course flounces are among the prevailing trimmings for gowns of the season. In Paris some houses have brought out the three-horned hats and are trying to push it not only abroad, but here. I am positively opposed to the three-horned hats and hats of the figure and destroy the lines of grace in the best of figures. Flaw and three, when people attempt to revive any old style, the drawbacks and disadvantages appear all the more striking in the light of our more cultivated perceptions. Of what is true, etc. in dress, are being trimmed with braid, and these are often used in the trimmings.

JOSEPH NIELSON OSBORN.

H—Skirt trimmed with a smart shirred bands.



G—Lace of gold or silver threads.

J—Solid spangle passementerie in black foliage.



F—Wrap trimmed with open-meshed braid and square medallions.

dress material, as the gown seldom requires modern touch is given those of iridescent sequins and long gold ones with round tops. Appliques and passementeries are coming more and more into vogue, and the tend- these are most effectively used in outlining floral and foliage designs and scroll pat- terns. These pretty cords are also applied to lace trimmings and are sometimes used to head the tops of ruffles.

French folds command themselves alike to the economical woman and to the ex- tremely fashionable one. They are smart and come in such a variety of widths that many pleasing effects may be obtained in- stead of the folds of ruffles.

Another fold trimming that is much af- fected is the box pleat, which is put around skirts and bodices just as an attached fold would be. It is a soft and fetching trim- ming, and its feature is such that the edges of the fold appear to stand away from the surface which they trim.

Although not particularly new ruchings for elaborate gowns a beautiful trimming comes in the form of wide bands of spider web, the delicate threads of the large- meshed web being formed of slender, trans- parent beads, lined in pale opalescent and silvery colors, such as can now be de- veloped upon some blue mesh, which does not ob- scure itself in the trimming. They are often the edges of these bands are outlined with

E—Wrap with long dangles.

nothing can be pre- and edgings for flounces. In white they tie the shirred look like soft lines of foam.

bands which are na- Puffed bands have some resemblance to pointed in so many shirred ones and are applied in the same charming ways upon fashion, only the former are frequently a dyes. These bands gathered a little inside the edge, thus mak- are of various widths, ing a puffed outline to the band. The edges and are closely sewed so that the entire puff up in shirred, making a sur- face effect upon the lining to the laundress if this form of surface.

Shirred bands are much used in taffeta, satin and waifed, and applied in parallel, the upper portion of less flounces and ruf- rows, in scallops, they are often gathered to form a puffed band, way lines and scrolls. Shirred and puffed trimmings give a touch effect. They are also of lightness and airiness to a gown and used as headings prove a distinct economy where made of the



MRS. ROBERT OSBORN
PHOTO BY FRANKLIN, N.Y.





"Oh, Miss Brighteyes, let me introduce Mr. Lively, he's perfectly divine at tennis." And thus the pretty Summer Hotel Introductor breaks the ice for a different youth whom the hotel manager has thoughtfully presented to her.



Never for more than a minute or two is she seen interacting with eligible young men in the dark corners of the place—for that would make the Pretty Introductor unpopular with the other belles of the hotel.



Occasionally the Pretty Introductor is seen laying down the law to the hotel manager who it is necessary that no one should suggest that she is in his pay.

Do You Know That the Pretty Girl Who Is the Life of the Hotel Is Earning Her Room and Board as "Hotel Introductor?"

A DARK secret of the Summer hotel has leaked out at last. Many times it has been almost discovered, through accident; but it was too valuable to be given away so easily, until this month's special granting has reserved it for the exclusive benefit of the two parties most directly interested—the Summer hotel manager and the Pretty Hotel Introductor.

When you read this probably you are sitting on the piazza and you will say to yourself: "Ah, I almost suspected as much at the Catalina (or the White Montalme, or at the seashore last summer when pretty Miss So-and-so made herself so agreeable, with such perfect tact, and was really the life of the hotel."

Your suspicion was warranted. Miss So-and-so had one of the best rooms in the hotel, her board and many "extras" free of charge, all because of her valuable talent for making the paying guests feel at home and keeping them amused, while effecting herself so diplomatically that no rival beauty felt a single pang of jealousy.

Such a blessing has this pretty, accomplished and tactful young woman proved, both to the hotel manager and his guests, that it seems almost a shame to "give her away." But she is far too useful for a little publicity to limit her usefulness in any degree. Besides, she is so clever that whatever your suspicions may be you never can "prove it." You will continue to be so grateful to her that you want ask any questions.

As yet there are no statistics showing how many of these splendidly endowed young women enjoy each year a delightful vacation without any drain on their pocketbooks. But you can make a good guess by counting on your fingers the popular Eastern Summer resorts and multiplying the result by an average of three first-class hotels at each—for no one, or two, or half a dozen hotel managers have been able to keep this valuable discovery to themselves.

Like Other Goddesses, Secrecy. There is not much danger of the supply of these specially endowed young women ever exceeding the demand—personal charm and genius make a scarce combination. This is apparent from the way the thing works out. For instance, if you were in the White Montalme early in July, at a certain hotel, which had better be nameless, you had daily before your eyes a luminous example.

In this case never for a moment did you suspect the real status of the frankly smiling, charming girl age about twenty-two who, in a hundred subtle ways, added so much to your enjoyment of your Summer vacation, while the same time you felt that it was quite useless for you to attempt to monopolize her society—witness, for example, the failure of your attempt ever to secure from her one walk from her during a single evening.

This elusiveness is a cardinal principle with the Pretty Introductor. Never for more than a minute or two is she seen interacting with eligible young men in the dark corners of the place—for that would make the Pretty Introductor unpopular with the other belles of the hotel. On the contrary, they are her best friends and confidantes. Thanks to her amiability, intelligence and tact it is possible for half a dozen eligible bachelors to be in the same room in the same hour, and for an entire summer—a thing unheard of before her advent.

Occasionally the Pretty Introductor is seen laying down the law to the hotel manager—for it is necessary that no one should suspect that she is in his pay. Probably you will remember the case of young Mr. Lively, who stalked about gloomily for two whole days after his arrival, because he knew nobody at the hotel and did not possess the faculty of introducing himself. There were several witnesses of the scene.

Lays Down the Law to the Manager. The Pretty Introductor—known as Miss Westworth, at Boston—came down to breakfast that morning with a determined look on her usually smiling face, and made straight for the manager.

"Mr. Hank," she said, "this is the third time I have told you that the screens for my windows are defective. Mosquitoes are devouring me alive."

"It shall be attended to immediately," Miss Westworth; I have the order three days ago."

"And while you are about it perhaps you will have that rocker with the broken arm replaced by one that is comfortable."

"Certainly, Miss Westworth, within an hour. Anything else, Miss Westworth?"

"I think of nothing else, just now."

After this scene the manager evidently felt that could afford to be a bit satisfactorily, for he beckoned to the gloomy Mr. Lively, as he said, with that frank smile which hotel managers know how to flash at the right moment.

"By the way, Miss Westworth, turn about is fair play. I do my duty by you as a guest, and you do me a favor as the manager of the hotel. Do let me present an arrival—Mr. Lively, Miss Westworth."

"So glad to meet you, Mr. Lively," she said, and gave him her hand cordially. "I've often heard of you."

"Of me?" exclaimed the astonished and delighted youth.

"Why, yes. Aren't you Mr. Lively, of Philadelphia, the amateur tennis champion?"

She Makes Hospitality for Two. Well, after that wild horse couldn't drag Mr. Lively away from this particular hotel, fortune continued to smile upon him—for that moment the first thing after breakfast the Pretty Introductor married him up to the prettiest girl in the hotel, who

had been bemoaning the fact that there wasn't a decent tennis player about the place.

"Oh, Miss Brighteyes, let me introduce Mr. Lively, he's perfectly divine at tennis!"—and thus the Pretty Summer Hotel Introductor breaks the ice for a different youth whom the hotel manager has thoughtfully presented to her.

On the golf links the Pretty Introductor fills a long half hour with her tactful advice to young Mr. Lively who is just beginning to learn the game and finds himself matched with a celebrated amateur, who is as embarrassed as himself. She is an expert with the "bag of sticks," although nobody realizes it until there is sudden need of the expert to fill a vacancy in a matched game. Her usefulness in the hotel parlor is in the evening when a day of active outdoor sports has created a general appetite for quiet amusement. She does the talking for all.

"Miss Silverdances," says the Pretty Introductor, as she strikes some promising chords on the piano. "There is a general request that you favor us with some of your famous selections from 'Carmen.'"

"Yes, yes," is heard on all sides, and the result is a most enjoyable evening to break the monotony of the Summer hotel routine.

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Probably Miss Silverdances is astonished to discover that any one knows of her talent, for she is a studious and retiring girl. If the Pretty Introductor had accidentally asked her if she sang, nothing would have come of it, as the girl would have promptly denied the soft impeachment. But by taking it for granted that everybody knew all about Miss Silverdances's accomplishments, evening was arranged at a stroke.

Her Intelling Memory.

One of the Pretty Introductor's most valuable gifts is the one that for which the late James G. Blaine was famous; she never forgets names or faces. And so makes it her business to gather and hoard all sorts of information about the people she meets, and for this reason she is rarely at a loss to represent them in the most favorable light when they are in need of her ministrations.

She is ever watchful when the hotel guests are in danger of missing opportunities for pleasure, and she makes her suggestions in such a matter of fact way that she never seems officious.

"What? No cotton just because Mr. Vanmeter has gone to town?" Is it possible you don't know that Mr. Lightfoot leads the cotton at all Mrs. Parks West's balls?"

Whereupon Mr. Lightfoot is pressed into service, and everybody wonders what they would do in the absence of this tactful girl with her marvellous knowledge of who's who.

Every one knows how dreary Summer resort hotels are on rainy days—in the absence of some guest with plenty of ability and initiative. It is upon such occasions that the genius of the Pretty Introductor comes out strong. She has passed by the door of the smoking room and seen that it is crowded with bored men leaning about and passing more tedious minutes than good for them. So she lies in wait discreetly till one of the smokers emerges on some errand. And then: "How horrid of you men to spend rainy afternoons in the smoking room while we girls are yawning our heads off and dying for progressive euchre!"

And thus the Pretty Introductor to young Mr. Trump—and young Mr. Trump goes instantly and drags forth his com-

A Blessing to Worried Mothers.

And how the young and perpetually worried mothers with the mischievous little ones in the hotel the Pretty Introductor is a prime favorite. By making merry forward at the right moment she saves many an immaculate shirt front from their fiery fingers.

"Oh, little Lety Williams, I want you. I've been looking for you everywhere. We're going to have just the sheet game of blind man's bluff out on the lawn, and we can't get along without Lety."

The child is only too delighted, with this prospect in view, to spare the aforesaid shirt front, and both its owner and the child's mother are sincerely grateful to the Pretty Introductor, who never seems to have any troubles of her own and takes so much pleasure in removing worries of others. She seems to be a regular compendium of universal knowledge.

"Oh, no, that is not poison ivy," the Pretty Introductor says to mothers made frantic by the sight of their little ones bringing home armfuls of suspicious green vines. "It is harmless Virginia creeper. Look, it has five leaflets; poison ivy has only three."

And if it really were poison ivy she would know exactly what to do to the little hands to prevent the poison taking effect.

It is when she is threatened with unduly conspicuous attentions from some popular male guest whom she has befriended, and is in danger of becoming an object of jealousy, that the Pretty Introductor's genius most distinguishes her. There is to be no "night" "straw" side which the pretty Introductor has arranged. At the last moment she declares that Mr. Lively, upon that occasion, has determined to monopolize her attention. So when the team and wagon are at the door, and all the others are hurriedly seated in the straw, the Pretty Introductor is mysteriously missing. Mr. Lively appoints himself a committee of one to find her. It is impossible to accept the statement of the hotel manager that:

"Miss Westworth goes to be excused. She has one of her rare, but severe, headaches and has retired."

So the Summer hotel guests will never be able to get along without her.

REMEMBER THIS BEFORE CHOOSING YOUR HAT.

If a woman has sharp or decidedly prominent features let her avoid hats that are set back or off to the side. Such a woman should wear a hat brought well forward, her hair should be as fluffy as possible, and a becoming veil will do wonders. Sharp outlines to hats should also be avoided by her. Low edges and indented times are good.

If the features are irregular, a hat with a brim creased here and there is usually a suitable setting. The woman with a prominent nose has much to contend with. Her hats should avoid overhangs in out-

line, and should be set well forward, so that the prominent feature will appear a little less in line. On the other hand the woman with a small or flat nose should not wear a hat that projects sufficiently to make the nose appear even more insignificant, nor a large hat that dwarfs it.

A hat under medium in size, and with small flowers or short tips, on rows of moderate size should be worn. With a small face and feature large picture hats should never be worn, even if the figure be tall and slight enough to carry them.



"How horrid of you men to spend rainy afternoons in the smoking room while we girls are yawning our heads off and dying for progressive euchre!" says the Pretty Introductor to young Mr. Trump—and young Mr. Trump goes instantly and drags forth his com-



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EDITORIAL SECTION



BOSTON AMERICAN, SUNDAY, AUGUST 7, 1904.

Poverty and Disease--Their Cruel Harvest



Hundreds of Thousands of Children are Uselessly Sacrificed, Uselessly Murdered Every Year. Now, in the Midsummer, the Newspapers and the Reports of Health Boards Begin Telling Their Annual Story of Death.

YEAR after year children die needlessly by the thousands, tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands—in the great cities, wherever poverty and disease do their work unchecked.

In all this world, with all its accepted and approved horrible conditions, there is nothing more dreadful than this regular, hideous murder of children.

Year after year there is made a sacrifice of child life that puts Herod's feeble killings to shame, and that makes all the loss of life in battle seem as nothing.

One single great city contributes its hundreds of needless deaths every week. Wherever little children are crowded together, overheated, underfed, surrounded by poverty, ignorance and disease, Death is at work.

It is useless, perhaps, to talk of the needless suffering that comes of these tens of thousands of needless infant deaths. The physical sufferings of the mothers that brought the children into the world, and the greater mental sufferings of poor, helpless women watching their children die, have become so much a matter of routine that it is a tiresome impertinence to speak of them.

But surely from the purely COMMERCIAL point of view it ought to be possible to interest the people and the people's government in the possibility of stopping the useless slaughter.

After all, a human child HAS its value, a CERTAIN value, even if it is one of the cheapest of human products.

The country depends for its prosperity on its populations and the work done by individuals.

And every child needlessly sacrificed represents an actual money loss to the nation—a loss of the money which has already been spent on him, and the loss of his future earning capacities.

The Government of the United States maintains an expensive bureau to combat the diseases of pigs and cows and sheep. Millions are spent to prevent excessive mortality among these animals.

Not a cent is spent by any government agency to fight disease among human beings, or to protect childhood from the enemies that attack it.

If an American citizen owns a pig, a horse, a sheep, his Congressman, acting on behalf of the Government, will send him books telling him how to take care of them. If he suspects that his cow has tuberculosis, a Government agent will promptly examine it for him.

But the man whose livestock consists of children receives no such attention from the Government as that accorded to the owner of the pigs or sheep.

The other day over one of the great railroads there came into the city a train load of "fresh-air children" with their mothers.

Some benevolent agency, exercising its benevolence in fits and starts, had taken the train load of suffering human beings for a day in the fresh air.

As they got out at the railroad station on their return journey and started for their homes, it was possible to review that most pathetic parade of the neglected and poverty-hunted childhood that fills every year the great grave dug by Poverty, Ignorance and Disease.

The poor little children carried in their hands small bunches of green things—faded flowers

and even weeds—that they had picked in their delight at meeting nature face to face.

The mothers—tired, underfed, worried and worn out with too much work, too much care, too many children—struggled to keep the little ones together, carrying those too young to walk, losing their tempers sometimes with the older ones.

There was a little girl, seven years old perhaps, carrying with great effort a child nearly half as big as herself. Many were crying from fatigue, all were more or less miserable after the pathetic attempt to brighten their lives with temporary change and a short experience of fresh air.

There were hundreds of them, and it was safe to say that for each child there, there was one needlessly dead, and it was safe also to say that of the sickly, underfed army, many would be missing within a year.

The deadly indifference of the Government and of the prosperous classes to this needless destruction of child life is the most horrible feature of civilization.

Civilized people view with horror the brutality of savage life, with its cannibalism and tortures. Kropotkin fittingly rebukes the civilizations that shut their eyes to their own moral deficiencies:

If these same Europeans were to tell a savage that people, extremely amiable, fond of their own children, and so impressionable that they cry when they see a misfortune simulated on the stage, are living in Europe within a stone's throw from dens in which children die from sheer want of food, the savage, too, would not understand them.

The above quotation is taken from page 101 of Kropotkin's admirable work, "Mutual Aid a Factor of Evolution," published by McClure, Phillips & Co. The writer, in explanation of world-wide hard-heartedness, quotes the saying of the Russian peasant, "Stone houses make stony hearts."

But it is not our money or our palaces of stone that make us indifferent to the deaths of so many children sacrificed needlessly.

Our trouble is individual concentration upon our own comfort, and especially lack of imagination.

Each one of us is quick enough to sympathize with any single sick child or suffering mother if we actually see it.

But, with our dull imaginations, we shut out the sufferings and the death that are put before us in dull statistics. We know and care little about them.

In one of the last letters that he ever wrote, suffering and almost dying himself, Robert Louis Stevenson said:

I have been getting some of the buffets of fate; but have amply earned them—you need not pity me. Pity sick children.

When the people, and especially the Government, shall feel as Stevenson felt, and when especially they shall possess a fraction of his imagination, as well as of his sympathy, there will come a beginning of the end of wholesale child murder.

In that day the Government will take as much interest in one disease that kills millions of children as in another disease that kills hundreds of thousands of hogs.

Some day the Government will print books, telling mothers how to care for their children, as it now prints books telling farmers how to cure chickens of the pigo.

Some day in the future the taxes will be spent, in part at least, for the benefit of poor people—a child will not be allowed to die for the lack of a few cents' worth of pure milk, filthy streets will not be the only playground of millions of children. When that time comes, real civilization will begin. It has not begun yet. No nation that looks on indifferently while hundreds of thousands of children are herded into the grave can call itself civilized.

Life's Car

"Hurry up!"
No lingering by old doors of doubt—
No loitering by the way,
No waiting a to-morrow car,
When you can board to-day.
Success is somewhere down the track;
Before the chance is gone,
Accelerate your lagging pace,
Swing on, I say, swing on—
Hurry up!

"Key lively!"
Pushed forth are following fast
"Key about" and signal "Wait."
"Key lively!" Time breaks no delay
He rings the bell of Fate,
But you can give the man behind,
With one hand on the bar,
A final chance to brook defeat,
And board the moving car.
Step lively.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

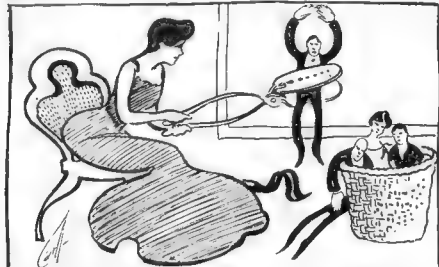
"Move up!"
Make way for others as you sit
Or stand. This crowded earth
Has room for every journeying soul
En route to higher birth.
Aye, room and comfort, if no one
Takes double share of space,
Nor lets his greed and selfishness
Absorb another's place.
Move up!

"Hold fast!"
The jolting switch of obstacles
With jarring rails is near.
Stand firm of foot, be strong of grip.
Brace well and have no fear
The Maker of the Car of Life
Forewarns that curve—Despair,
And hung the straps of faith,
So you might grasp them there.
Hold fast!

The Fall of Mrs. Climber of Boston

By Eleanor Ames

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UNCHARITABLE though it may be, I was really not in the least sorry to hear of Mrs. Climber's social tumble, although it is a fall which buries her in social oblivion.



"All her life she has been treating her friends like lemons—squeezing them dry." Mrs. Climber has been an overbearing and unmerciful in her methods that she must have been somewhat prepared for her downfall. All her life she has been treating her friends like lemons—squeezing them dry and

then throwing them aside. Not only that, but as fast as she reached a higher branch with fresh lemon on it, she broke down those beneath her, so she kept a clear space between herself and the ground. I doubt if Mrs. Climber realized this for a long time. Her methods have been ever the same. She has always been blessed with beauty, personal magnetism and a most winning way. She was so sweet and simple and unaffected and altogether lovely that she speedily gained a social foothold after her marriage to Climber, who was much older than she was, fat, stupid, somewhat illiterate, and it goes without saying, tremendously rich. Her methods have been ever the same. She has always been blessed with beauty, personal magnetism and a most winning way. She was so sweet and simple and unaffected and altogether lovely that she speedily gained a social foothold after her marriage to Climber, who was much older than she was, fat, stupid, somewhat illiterate, and it goes without saying, tremendously rich. Her methods have been ever the same. She has always been blessed with beauty, personal magnetism and a most winning way. She was so sweet and simple and unaffected and altogether lovely that she speedily gained a social foothold after her marriage to Climber, who was much older than she was, fat, stupid, somewhat illiterate, and it goes without saying, tremendously rich.

Everything went her way. Even Climber failed to live long enough to cause her any annoyance, although he was considerably enough to remain on earth until she had become definitely established in a social way. All the time she was correctly sated in crepe she was gaining prestige, even though debased from actively pursuing social favor. When she emerged from her mourning she had progressed satisfactorily, and her career went along rapidly. But she was short-sighted. She failed to hold fast that which she had, in her eagerness to get that which she coveted, and as a result the highest bar broke there was no net to catch her. To-day Mrs. Climber does not possess a dozen friends in the whole wide world, and of those dozen not one has a place in the realm in which she has longed to be queen. Mrs. Climber represents a fair type of woman to be found in the society of every large city, Boston, New York, Washington, Chicago. Invariably she comes to the same end. The top bar gives way and she crashes down to earth. Her whole success has been at the expense of others. She has valued her friends coldly, cruelly, selfishly, as to their personal worth to her. She has used one social set to gain admission to the next set higher, and, having secured the second, has promptly covered the first, which she considered merely a stepping stone. She has been a person of no emotions, of no kindly impulses. She has been the personification of coldness, selfishness and indifference to others. She has walked over people, trampled them in the dust of humiliation, cast them aside and forgotten them. No one can accuse her of having been gossip or malicious or cruel in her words. Not a whisper of scandal has ever been heard about her. She has been the most correct of women in all her conduct. And yet, no one feels any sympathy for her. She has gradually pulled others down that she might hold herself up. Now every one feels that she has received her just deserts, and no helping hands will go out to bring her back to favor. It would be a happy fate to record that Mrs. Climber's downfall will put the world of her kind, but it won't. So long as the world exists Mrs. Climber's type will be among its imbalances. There are Mrs. Climbers in every walk of life. This especial one was in the social arena, but she might just as well have been in business, in the Women's Club, in the church. Few of them retain the height for long, they plot and plan and struggle, and with their experience they become callous.

In their eagerness to reach the pinnacles for which they long they grow careless and tactless. In their scrambling upward they may have stepped too boldly upon some people, and they encounter drawn knives now and then. This world, in spite of the hue and cry to the contrary, is run on a fairly just plane, and all who are there are pretty sure some time to get their share. The jolting switch of obstacles with jarring rails is near. Stand firm of foot, be strong of grip. Brace well and have no fear. The Maker of the Car of Life forewarns that curve—Despair, and hung the straps of faith, so you might grasp them there. Hold fast!

phases the fact that it does not pay to forget the existence of others, that it profits as little to ignore the feelings of the rest of mankind. This world, in spite of the hue and cry to the contrary, is run on a fairly just plane, and all who are there are pretty sure some time to get their share. The jolting switch of obstacles with jarring rails is near. Stand firm of foot, be strong of grip. Brace well and have no fear. The Maker of the Car of Life forewarns that curve—Despair, and hung the straps of faith, so you might grasp them there. Hold fast!

Ernest Crosby Says Stop Eating Meat and You Will Not Only Improve Your Health but Also Get Even With the Meat Trust

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I AM DOWN on all fruits as a rule, but there is just one exception. I admit that I have a warm place in my heart for the Beef Trust, and I would like to see beef go up to \$10 a pound so that no one but millionaires could indulge in it, and then I would pry the millionaires.

There is something very wrong to me, the people of this country to think they can get life without meat, when I know perfectly well, from my own experience at it that of hundreds of others that meat, so far from being necessary to man, is a rather bad food and that you can get on much better without it. And I can tell you in two minutes why meat is a bad food. Our bodies are always wearing out. Our bodies are continually getting rid of the used-up parts of our tissue through the various organs of our body which carry it off, and when we eat of the meat we put into our stomachs a whole lot of waste tissue of other animals, and we give our kidneys and other organs double work to perform. They cannot manage the extra work properly, and sooner or later they are out, and we have various kinds of kidney disease, dyspepsia and the like as a result.

But how is it possible to live without eating meat? It is the easiest thing in the world. I have not eaten a particle of meat, fowl or fish for six years or more, and my health has not been affected in the slightest. There are dozens of vegetarians I know of whom the same is true, and some of them have not eaten meat for one-half a century. Mrs. Crosby represents a fair type of woman to be found in the society of every large city, Boston, New York, Washington, Chicago. Invariably she comes to the same end. The top bar gives way and she crashes down to earth. Her whole success has been at the expense of others. She has valued her friends coldly, cruelly, selfishly, as to their personal worth to her. She has used one social set to gain admission to the next set higher, and, having secured the second, has promptly covered the first, which she considered merely a stepping stone. She has been a person of no emotions, of no kindly impulses. She has been the personification of coldness, selfishness and indifference to others. She has walked over people, trampled them in the dust of humiliation, cast them aside and forgotten them. No one can accuse her of having been gossip or malicious or cruel in her words. Not a whisper of scandal has ever been heard about her. She has been the most correct of women in all her conduct. And yet, no one feels any sympathy for her. She has gradually pulled others down that she might hold herself up. Now every one feels that she has received her just deserts, and no helping hands will go out to bring her back to favor. It would be a happy fate to record that Mrs. Climber's downfall will put the world of her kind, but it won't. So long as the world exists Mrs. Climber's type will be among its imbalances. There are Mrs. Climbers in every walk of life. This especial one was in the social arena, but she might just as well have been in business, in the Women's Club, in the church. Few of them retain the height for long, they plot and plan and struggle, and with their experience they become callous.

It is a simple matter of chemistry. You can get the same elements which form the valuable part of meat in other things, and without the objectionable waste tissue. Oatmeal, whole wheat bread, peas, beans, cheese, nuts and peanuts contain all that is good in meat, namely, the proteins, and none of the waste products. Every piece of meat is full of waste products on their way to the various channels of exit from the body. This is not altogether fair to eat, and the above substitutes for meat contain none of them. There is a tremendous economy in making the change. You can live better than you are accustomed to live for half the money, if you will only try it. The strongest nations and the strongest surmounting "Farewell" announced the incident. When the sun arose upon the scene Harold was a distant man.

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"Passages from the Best Selling Books"

By Ambrose Bierce

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As they strolled along the Riviera the set sun was just touching the summit of the Alps and firing them with an electrical glow. Turning to her, he looked into her beautiful eyes and thus expressed himself.
"Dearest, I am about to make an important statement."
She also instantly divined the character of the communication that he referred to, and affected her with a considerable perturbation. "No," she remarked, "you could postpone the statement above mentioned until a more suitable occasion. I should regard your forbearance with high satisfaction."
"Very well," he replied, with coldness, "I will wait until we are not alone."
"Thank you, ever so much," she blushed, and all was silence. Later in the season he explained to her the trend of his affection, and she signified the promise that she received from his preference.

The booming of the cannon awakened him with a start. Vaulting into the saddle with remarkable grace, he was soon in the thick of the fray, and many a fœman fell beneath his flashing steel. Yet even in the terrible din and confusion of battle his mental processes were normal, and he thought only of the Countess, while absently dealing death about him. Suddenly he was roused from his reverie by the impact of a battle-axe upon his helmet, and, turning his eyes in the direction where it seemed to have been delivered, he beheld the meeting visage of De Grammont on a black steed.

Here was an opportunity that might satisfy the most exacting—on opportunity to rid his country of a traitor and himself of a rival; to wipe at once his ambition and his love. His noble nature forbade. Waving his enemy aside, he thoughtfully withdrew from the field, resolved to press his suit elsewhere.
Observing that his presence was not suspected, Montague remained with his eye glued to the keyhole. It was well that he did so, for the conspirators now laid off their masks, and among them he recognized the King himself! Here was a situation that he believed unique in all his experience in court and camp there was no precedent. A supreme conspiracy for his life, his own overthrow, his own assassination! Montague was deeply affected by the striking contrast of unworldliness, the cool and fell to the floor in an agony of admiration.
Gladly hastened slowly along the path leading to the cliff above the lake. The full moon was resting in the East, for its hour was midnight, and her warm radiance bathed the landscape in a blue languor. Harold awaited her on the cliff, where they discussed their sentiments for more than an hour. Then, with a look of alarm, he started and uttered a cry of surprise and fear. "Wretch!" he exclaimed, drawing his scimitar, "it is you that have done this! But for your secret perfidy I would have won the battle and the Swedish King would now be lying before me. Die, therefore!"
So saying, he raised his armed hand to smite, but the blow did not fall. Even while the blade was suspended in the air the King's long black cloak fell away, the white hair and the emerald beard were flung aside, and the Iron Duke found himself gazing into the laughing eyes of Madame de Grammont! Speechless with astonishment, he thundered: "What is the meaning of this?"
"Oh, monsieur," she replied, with that enchanting smile which had lured Louis XIV. to the guillotine, "it means that I amuse myself." Drawing a jeweled pistol from her bosom, she shot him dead.
AMBROSE BIERCE.

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MYSTIC MORALITY

By Maurice Maeterlinck



Drawn by John Barrymore.

Neither those who believe in the only too evident that the invisible vibrations of the kingdom within us are arbitrarily set on foot by the thoughts we shelter. Our mystic intuitions are the veiled quiescence of course through life, though we have no words in which to speak of such things.

There is something between ourselves and our souls that nothing can penetrate, and there is something more profound in which we should feel more deeply than did our fathers before us, that we are not in the presence of ourselves alone.

When I look upon the... there laws deeper than those by which what and would be he who would not suffer... things we have learned as I always not in accordance with... that I can still... more ever mention, but which are...

When I stand before the... as bring us' smile at the pupa... "It," cried the woman who was made... extremely switched to those words "I will show them... either I can marry or not" and... the fairy in charge...

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The Secret of True Happiness

Once upon a time there was a woman who desired to be perfectly happy... she said, "that if I only had sufficient pichitude to make people rubber as I pass them in the street, I should be perfectly blissful, and as I desire above all things to be happy, I beseech you to make me a good looker."

The good fairy assented to this, and... her face is, indeed, all to the good," they would say, "but she's a bum dresser. What a pity it is she has not sufficient money to buy herself glad rags from Paris."

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"Her face is, indeed, all to the good," they would say, "but she's a bum dresser."

A Feminine Fairy Tale

By Belle Blitz

When I stand before the... as bring us' smile at the pupa... "It," cried the woman who was made... extremely switched to those words "I will show them... either I can marry or not" and... the fairy in charge...

That screen over there will conceal her, while the Hero gets the infuriated man out of the place"

"The Hero will sit on that sofa with the scarlet light on his mobile clean cut features thinking, thinking, thinking—about!"

about to be
singing (sitting in chair No. 3).
No. 4: Aunt Jane embroidered them.
Associations clinging to them.
No. 5: "Coming into chair No. 1."
No. 6: "Scarcely for me."
A bonnet is seen on chair No. 3, & so
No. 7: "The bonnet."
Tesman (on chair No. 3): "That's
Aunt Julia's bonnet, Helene."
No. 8: "The bonnet."
No. 9: "It is!"
In force—from the French—the
French actress, the French actress
usually with doors, and if the doors
hang you know that there will be a
door, and if the door is open, the
who will denote of the stage, banging

on the walls, representing atrocious
looking men and women, you please
the French actress, the French actress
and that He, in the pride of birth
with a French actress, the French actress
trick and announce it.
An ancestor, who came over with William
the French actress, the French actress
may seem unimportant, but there is
not a theatregoer whose mind is not
with a French actress, the French actress
penings of the drama by the chair
and tables that seem such trifling de-
tails, but they are the details of the
dresses of the actors and actresses.
If there be a soul in Innards of
the French actress, the French actress
mute, Ingarious fixtures

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY
EXCURSIONS—The various excursions to Maine and New Brunswick offered by the Eastern Steamship Company are more popular this year than ever before. The dearest travel was over the Bangs & St. John Division, the latter including

**POPULAR TRIPS TO
BEACH AND RESORT**

PLANT LINE EXCURSIONS—Of all the land and sea routes for a summer outing, one of the most popular is the trip to

[illegible]

THE GODDESS OF DEATH.

BY
WILLIAM HOPE
HODGSON.



"MARBLE IS
MARBLE
WILL SAY

SOME ONE'S BEEN
LIVING HERE!

[illegible]

For Kidney & Bladder troubles, Cures in 48 Hours

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

URINARY DISCHARGES

Each Capsule **KILLS** the bacteria **DESTROY** the source of contamination

J. P. MIDD suffering from weakness and loss of energy, and all the troubles that attend them, cured in 48 hours. This medicine has more power than any other. It has been used for years and its plain package only cost

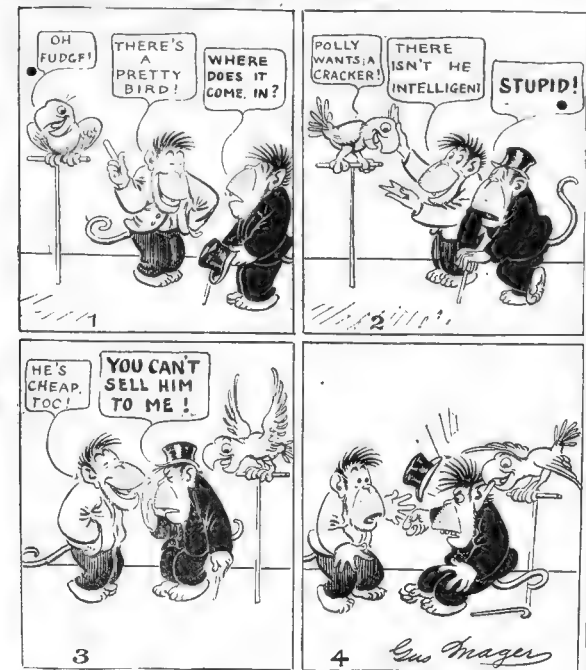
WE RAISED OUR PISTOLS AND FIRED

H. NAF

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Readers Continue the Cartoon Discussion

KNOCKO THE MONK



HE SLANDERS A PRETTY POLLY.

"Knocko the Monk" Has Host of Admirers

poor hand at caustic and epigrammatic. No one who reads "Knocko the Monk" can fail to be struck by the force and wit of the cartoonist. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination.

EDITOR BOSTON AMERICAN:
In answer to your question, which I think is a very good one, I think the cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination.

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MR. E. Z. MARK HELPS OUT



1. STRANGER—Would you allow me to tie my dog a few minutes while I attend to some important business?
Mr. E. Z.—Oh, I'll be standing here for that long. I'll just hold him for you.

2. SECOND STRANGER—Did you see anything of a sister dog around here? Some one has stolen him from me. Why, bless my eyes, there he is! I demand you to surrender my property, and Mr. E. Z.—If he is yours, take him. I was only holding him for a man who passed here a few moments ago. I want no stolen property.

3. FIRST STRANGER (returning)—WHAT! You gave my valuable dog to a stranger who said it was his? That dog was worth two hundred dollars! Pay me the money or I'll have you taken before a magistrate for assisting a thief.

4. MRS. E. Z.—I just saw a funny thing at the station. Two flatfooted strangers with a setter dog took the train back to town. They were laughing to kill themselves and talking about easy money. I hope—Why, E. Z., what is the matter; have you a fit?

1. I think for very few "Knocko" are so popular as the "Knocko" cartoon. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination.

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Letters Stating Their Preference for Funny Pictures on Editorial Page of the Boston American Pour in by the Hundreds

OVER the readers of the BOSTON AMERICAN have taken exception, recently, to the "Knocko the Monk" series of comic pictures that have appeared from time to time on the editorial page of the AMERICAN with the result that the readers have been asked to send in letters stating their preference for all of the various funny pictures printed there.

Hundreds have shown their interest in the subject by contributing articles giving their likes and dislikes for the different members of the staff of cartoonists employed by the BOSTON AMERICAN. At the lack of space has prevented their publication until today. Below are some of the letters received and published forthwith.

WIT, NOT WISE.
I quite agree with Clark Evans that the cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination. The cartoonist's power is not only in the force of his pen, but in the force of his imagination.

THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE.
While I myself cannot be anything very easy in "Knocko the Monk," "What 17ye

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PROBLEM? IT'S EASY, BUT DOESN'T LOOK IT

A GENTLEMAN with quite a large family of children (not more than twelve in number) was waited upon by the oldest, who said they all wished to go to St. Louis, but had not saved money enough. He asked his father to give them an equal sum apiece, which he agreed to do. The father found that he had in his pocketbook the sum required for only one of his children (it being less than \$25) and he had 5 cents additional.

He took an electric car from Brookline to Boston and drew from the bank enough money to give each of his children the sum asked for.

While descending the steps at the bank he slipped and sprained his ankle, and was obliged to call a carriage to take him home.

On his way, in order to forget his pain, he became absorbed in mathematical calculations. He counted his money, which was represented by two figures. He added the digits, subtracted the amount he had when he entered the bank, and found that the remainder was one-fourth of what each of his children asked for.

He put in his vest pocket a sum equal to that which he had after leaving the electric car; the remainder was still indicated by two figures. He added them together, deducted what he had agreed to pay the hackman, and found the remainder to be what he had promised to give each of his children.

On arriving home he called them together and gave each as much as he had put in his vest pocket.

HOW MUCH MONEY DID HE HAVE BEFORE LEAVING HOME?
HOW MUCH DID HE DRAW FROM THE BANK?
HOW MUCH DID HE PUT IN HIS VEST POCKET?
HOW MUCH DID HE PAY THE HACKMAN?
HOW MUCH DID HE GIVE EACH OF HIS CHILDREN?
HOW MUCH DID HE HAVE LEFT AFTER GIVING THE MONEY TO HIS CHILDREN?
HOW MANY CHILDREN DID HE HAVE?

Write out your answer and mail it to the Exposition Problem Editor, BOSTON AMERICAN, 80-82 Summer Street, Boston.

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Chronic Sores Eating Ulcers A Constant Drain Upon the System.

Nothing is a source of so much trouble as an old sore or ulcer, particularly when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and the healing process is slow. A gangrenous ulcer on the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissues beneath the skin the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple, and are a threatening danger always, because while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic, slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. These sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly.

Some years ago while at work, I fell over a truck and suffered a severe laceration of the leg. A gangrenous ulcer began to form, and the leg was in a frightful state. I was in constant pain, and the ulcer continued to spread. I was in constant pain, and the ulcer continued to spread. I was in constant pain, and the ulcer continued to spread.

JOHN W. FUNDIS,
Care Schmutz Bros. Co., Boston.

AMPHITHEATRE OF FIERCE BATTLE RAGING ABOUT LIAO-YANG, SHOWING HOW JAPS HAVE DRIVEN RUSSIANS TO BAY

[illegible]

COMPANY

His Great August Clearance Sale

**Marks Clean Stocks—The New Season Is Almost Upon Us—
Season Is Past—The Order Now Is, Instant Clearance.**

At the lowest cost of the goods in largest quantities. The man or woman who knows values needs savings this great Clearance Sale makes possible. We advise early shopping Monday.

Mark Down in Silks

Announcement of a Mark-Down Sale of Silks, for it is means to be able to buy at reduced prices. The goods are bought for elsewhere outside this store, regular prices.

Black Jean de Soie at 49c. 19 inches wide, a splendid silk for coats and dresses, but we have too many of them, and so we offer you a mark-down sale. A small lot has been taken out to clear it. The price is 49c.

79c. Wash Silks for 49c. Yard wide, plain damask wash silks, that sell at 79c. A small lot has been taken out to clear it. The price is 49c.

Wash Silks at 23c. Japanese Silks, 21 inches wide, plain silks that we have decided to clear out at a big reduction from former prices. We have marked them down now to 23c.

75c. Colored Taffetas for 39c. 19 inches wide. These taffetas, in 39c, 40c, and 41c, are the most popular of the price we have marked them down to 39c.

75c. Jean de Soie for 29c. A sample line of regular size, 19 inches wide, in black, blue, and red, and a few popular colors. The whole lot is marked down now to 29c.

Wash Goods

Wash Goods at 9c. 19 inches wide, a splendid silk for coats and dresses, but we have too many of them, and so we offer you a mark-down sale. A small lot has been taken out to clear it. The price is 9c.

Wash Goods at 29c. 19 inches wide, a splendid silk for coats and dresses, but we have too many of them, and so we offer you a mark-down sale. A small lot has been taken out to clear it. The price is 29c.

Wash Goods at 6c. 19 inches wide, a splendid silk for coats and dresses, but we have too many of them, and so we offer you a mark-down sale. A small lot has been taken out to clear it. The price is 6c.

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Three Big Bargains in Shirt Waists

\$1.50 Waists for 39c. Of black lawn—graduated yoke of pin tucks, with broad paws and Hamburg insertions down front, former price \$1.00 and \$1.50. Clearance price 39c.

\$1.00 Waists for 49c. Of white and figured lawns; also satin striped muslin, with broad paws down front and pearl buttons; regular price \$1.00. Clearance price 49c.

\$1.50 Waists for 69c. In fine lawns, pin tucked yoke, with Val lace interstices; also broad plaids, with feminine medallions; value \$1.25 and \$1.50. Clearance price 69c.

Kimonos, Dressing Jackets, Negligee Gowns, &c.

Kimono Jackets of pink and blue lawns, with tucked lace trim, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 25c.

Dressing Jackets of pink and blue lawns, with tucked lace trim, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 49c.

Kimono Gowns of crepe de chine, with fancy silk borders, value \$1.49 and 1.88. Clearance price 69c.

Summer Corsets Reduced in Price

75c. Valises for 49c. Summer corsets, also net and bust girdles, value 75c. Clearance price 49c.

\$1.00 Valises for 29c. Chiffon and laced size of Memo Girdles, R. & G. and American Girdles, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 29c.

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Men's and Children's Wear

Infants' Lawn Caps, with Hamburg trim, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 25c.

Infants' Caps and Tie Bonnets, with Hamburg trim, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 49c.

Boys' Point d'Esprit Net, with Hamburg trim, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 98c.

Children's Surbonnets, of white and colored lawn, with Hamburg trim, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 49c.

Infants' Laced Shoes, black, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 25c.

Children's Muslin Drawers, with tucked puffs and lace edge, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 25c.

Children's Muslin Shirts, with tucked puffs and lace edge, value \$1.00 each. Clearance price 25c.

Biggest Linen Bargains

LINEN DIAPER—500 pieces 18½-inch all pure linen woven, fine quality Birds Eye Linen Diaper, in 3-yard pieces, actually worth \$2.00 per yard. We offer this great clearance sale this week we offer these 500 pieces at 1.10 and 1.25.

DAMASK SQUARES—305 44 Handkerchief Linen Diaper Squares, slightly soiled, reduced from 79c and 1.10 to 67c.

DAMASK RAPIERS—600 dozen 18 and 19 inch all pure linen Damask Rapiers, a great bargain for this week's clearance sale, per doz. 1.10 and 1.25.

TURKISH TOWELS—400 dozen large-size Turkish Towels, hand-dyed, a great bargain at our clearance price of 21c.

LINEN DAMASK—50 pieces 18½-inch pure linen Damask, great value, per yard 50c.

Bed Spreads and Sheets

400 BLD SPREADS for \$1.95—3 cases, just 144 here and 144 in Bed Spreads, which are very elegant, perfect, beautiful designs, actually worth the regular \$4.00 each. For this great Clearance Sale marked at only 1.95.

75c. SHEETS FOR 50c. One heavy bleached sheet, made from one of the best standard cottons, 3 and 1 1/2. 50c.

80c. SHEETS FOR 50c. Same as above, but with 1/2 inch hem, actually worth 75c. each for this sale only. 50c.

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Toilet Necessities

50c. PERFUMES FOR 25c. One small lot of perfumes, put up in one in a box, all good odors, value 50c. 25c.

10c. SOAPS FOR 5c. All our 10c soaps, that have been on the counter for some purpose, marked for one day's sale to 5c.

PURE OLIVE OIL CASTLE SOAP—500 bars will be offered Monday each bar cut up into 100 good-sized cakes, and 1/2 worth 4c bar, we shall offer it for 1c.

ROSE WATER AND GLYCERINE—One of the best lotions for the face and hair, value 25c. bottle, 15c.

TOOTH BRUSHES—value 25c and 37c each, while they last will sell for 10c.

MRS. LOGAN ANSWERED BY BRADDIN HAMILTON, WHO DEFENDS NEWPORT



Rev. Braddin Hamilton
Famous Clergyman Says that the Rhode Island City Has Not Passed Into Hands of Divorcees.

Continued From Columns 1 and 2 of Opposite Page.

about the same ratio, as money rises here the same as elsewhere in this country, so that the influence of divorce here is less than two per cent.

The next error is to say, "Rhode Island is doomed as London and Gotham of Bilingual times." Newport is in a most healthy condition, schools and churches prospering, real estate gradually increasing in value, rents very high, no vacant houses and plenty of work for the mechanics.

According to the natural course of events, we could hardly expect anything but prosperity here, as Newport has more than its share of natural advantages. The best all-the-year-around climate in that country, sea of access to New York and Boston, where you can get your supplies, even when the natives are too indolent to supply them.

Divorce law, like a great injury toward the suppression of the best people in our country are led and controlled in their domestic and social position by a band of divorced women.

It is a mistake to think this way. First, because it is untrue, and secondly, because the law is a mere shadow, which will not suffer themselves to be led by it, if they think it is fashionable. They will follow the promptings of their own hearts, and not the law.

Personally, I feel as strongly on the evils of divorce as I ever did, but I think it is a great mistake and a great injury toward the suppression of the best people in our country are led and controlled in their domestic and social position by a band of divorced women.

Would Follow Rich Over a Prejudice.
It is a mistake to think this way. First, because it is untrue, and secondly, because the law is a mere shadow, which will not suffer themselves to be led by it, if they think it is fashionable. They will follow the promptings of their own hearts, and not the law.

There are several cases now in New York where women are drawing money from two and three husbands, while they are married to a third or fourth. This law has recently been repealed in New York. It is a woman from September 1 can draw income only from one husband. When she remarries, her alimony ceases. This change will do much toward reducing divorce in New York State.

There are some foolish and daring women everywhere whose whole career is spent in seeking alimony, and here, as in other places, their influence is measure, and they stay short.

Divorce, in my mind, is something that must be largely dealt with through the law, and not through the courts. The change will do much toward reducing divorce in New York State.

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LIVING FLAG OF CHILDREN WILL SING FOR G. A. R. VETERANS

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. 1814.

Solo or Quartette.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore that
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freeman shall stand

the dread
and the wild

the ramparts we
it fit-ful-ly
their blood has wash'd
the pow'r that hath

HEADQUARTERS OF ALLIED SOCIETIES

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

National Headquarters, Hotel Vandome.
Executive Committee National Convention, Hotel Vandome.
DEPT. HEADQUARTERS, W. R. C.
California and Nevada, Hotel Vandome.
Connecticut, Hotel Berkeley.
Illinois, Hotel Vandome.
Indiana, Hotel Vandome.
Iowa, Hotel Vandome.
Kansas, Hotel Lenox.
Maryland, Beacon House, 9 Beacon street.
Massachusetts, Hotel Vandome.
Michigan, Hotel Brunswick.
Minnesota, Hotel Berkeley.
New Jersey, Hotel Vandome.
New Hampshire, Hotel Vandome.
New York, Hotel Vandome.
Ohio, Hotel Vandome.
Oklahoma, Hotel Vandome.
Pennsylvania, Hotel Vandome.
Rhode Island, Young's Hotel.
Vermont, Copley Square Hotel.
Washington, Hotel Vandome.
James Monroe W. R. Corps, No. 118, New York City, Castle Square Hotel.

DAUGHTERS OF VETERANS.

National Headquarters, Hotel Vandome.
Dept. Mass. Headquarters, Holland House, Commercial street, and Berkeley.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Commandery-in-Chief, Revere House.
Endowment, Isaac Rich Hall, Ashburton place.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION HEADQUARTERS, BRASSER'S BUILDING, 27 STATE STREET.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY OF S. O. V.

Revere House.

LADIES OF THE G. A. R.

Hotel Vandome.

UNION EX-PRISONERS OF WAR.

Hotel Vandome.

NAVAL VETERANS.

1181 Washington street.

U. S. RAILED SOLDIERS' LEAGUE.

Council Chamber, City Hall.

CIVIL WAR MUSICIANS.

South Armory, Irvington street.

VOTE AID TO FALL RIVER STRIKERS.

Rigney's Protective Union, No. 10, 10, at its meeting in South Boston road station, at its meeting in the Fall River station.

2,200 CHILDREN IN GREAT LIVING FLAG

Suits and Gowns Will Give Colors of the Nation's Emblem, Grand Chorus of Patriotic Songs.

As the Grand Army veterans swam from Washington street into Young's place a week from Tuesday, every hand and drum corps will make the music. Then, from far to the line the aid societies will hear the sound of children's voices, sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the song of the living flag. The children, alternating in turn, will sing the song of the living flag. Most notable and striking of any feature ever arranged for a national convention is the singing of the living flag. The children, dressed in blue, form the stars of the flag, and the girls, dressed in white, form the stripes. The children, dressed in blue, form the stars of the flag, and the girls, dressed in white, form the stripes. The children, dressed in blue, form the stars of the flag, and the girls, dressed in white, form the stripes.

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Big Chorus Well Trained.

For weeks the big chorus has been trained for its part in the big celebration, and it is said to sing more or less the song that will attract more of the soldiers and their wives will not become disappointed. The children, dressed in blue, form the stars of the flag, and the girls, dressed in white, form the stripes.

Songs by the Flag.

Covering the remainder of the stand, which is rectangular in shape, will be 2,200 little girls. Half of them will dress in red; half of them in white. Dressed in red, they will sing the song of the living flag. Dressed in white, they will sing the song of the living flag. The children, dressed in blue, form the stars of the flag, and the girls, dressed in white, form the stripes.

PROMINENT G. A. R. DEAD IN BROOKLYN

Police Captain Martin Short, a prominent Grand Army man, of Brooklyn, who was to have attended the Grand Army convention in this city this month, with 100 others, died last night at his home from pneumonia, which he contracted while making a speech at the annual convention of the Grand Army of the Republic in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. He was 62 years of age, and had been in the service of the United States for 30 years.

MINISTER MERRY IS OFF FOR SOUTH AMERICA

Hon. William Lawrence Merry, United States Minister to Costa Rica, Nicaragua and San Salvador, who has been in Boston for several weeks, has left for Costa Rica on the ship "The Costa Rica," which is bound for San Francisco. The minister will be accompanied by his family and will remain in the country for several weeks.

NEWPORT COTTAGERS PLAY AGAINST BUTLERS

Newport, R. I., August 6.—The Newport Cricket Club, consisting of the butlers in the cottage company, played a team composed of the cottagers against the butlers on Saturday evening. The game was a close one, and the butlers were victorious. The cottagers were defeated by a score of 10 to 8.

GEN. LEE CANNOT ATTEND REUNION

Gen. Lee, who is now in the hospital, cannot attend the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic in this city. He is recovering from an illness and is unable to travel. He is expected to be discharged from the hospital in a few days.

COLD DRINKS FOR SUMMER THIRST

The passion of young America for cold drinks in summer has led many a mother to investigate the ingredients of the various icy concoctions offered at drug stores. While the component parts of these drinks are not harmful, she discovers that she can make a more healthful and inexpensive drink at home with less trouble. The best cold drink is a glass of water with a little lemon juice and a little sugar. This is a healthy and refreshing drink. The best cold drink is a glass of water with a little lemon juice and a little sugar. This is a healthy and refreshing drink.

For Watermelon Cramps

Sanford's Ginger

Cures Summer Ills.

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF FRANK R. GREER OF THE EAST BOSTON BOAT CLUB, WHO COMPETED IN THE CANADIAN ROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS YESTERDAY.

[illegible]

176. 1st and 2nd years. Won by F. X. Will
ams second. J. A. Campbell, third. Alex. Mc
5th. 177. 1st and 2nd years. Won by Dan Mahoney.
178. 1st and 2nd years. Won by F. X. Williams, sec
and C. A. Campbell, third. Tom Williams,
4th. 179. 1st and 2nd years. Won by F. X. Williams, sec
and C. A. Campbell, third. Tom Williams,
4th.

NOT TALL IN SHAPE FOR MATCH RACE

English Swimmer Thinks He
Will Defeat Jimmy Mc-
Cusker Next Saturday.

Joey Nuttall, the world's champion swimmer, who stopped in Boston on his way to St. Louis to visit the fair, in order to accommodate James McCusker, the American champion, with another chance for the championship, has a marvellous record in the water. When he was eleven years of age he won a amateur championship in England.

Year after year he has created new records, bettering many of those made by himself in competitions. To-day a number of the world's records at various distances

This is Nuttall's first visit to America and he is impressed by what he has seen and about Boston, particularly at Beverly Beach. The men and women swimming together was somewhat of a

The first event will be at Nuttall's favorite distance, a quarter mile. The second one at half mile, also favors Nuttall, while at the longer distance of a mile.

is the stronger. Both men are now in excellent shape for the match.

LANKY BOB MAY BE A FARMER

Elkton, Md., Aug. 6.—Robert Fitzsimmons, the champion middleweight pugilist of the world, may soon locate here. He spent last night with Mr. Eeches, superintendent of the Elkton Stock Farm. Fitzsimmons is negotiating for the purchase of the farm, which is one of the finest in this section of the country.

DR. LOUGEST

Guarantees to cure all curable,
weak, diseased and despondent men
in less time and at less cost than

cure Varicocele, Hydrocele and Stricture without an operation and stop unnatural discharges within 10 days.

cure Blood Poison in any of its three stages. Blood Poison is the forerunner of foul diseases, and will literally eat out your very vitals unless promptly and properly cured. Do not allow yourself to be

can make you strong, vigorous and manly, fully competent for happy marriage.

REMEMBER!
NO CURE, NO PAY

Confidential and Invited, both at office and by correspondence. Terms are always made to suit the convenience of anyone applying for treatment, and very reasonable charges. Do not treat elsewhere until you have investigated my methods and terms.

Hours 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., Sundays included.
Remember the number, 512 Columbus ave.

TRY
STON AMERICAN

COLUMNS.

LISTS FIGHT AT THE BENNETT BARBECUE.

Political Forces Clash at Outing Given at Saugus by Aspirant for Republican Nomination for Congress in the Seventh

POLICE ARREST TWO MEN FOR ASSAULT

Third Is Placed in Custody Charged with Stealing Glassware—Two Steers Consumed by 15,000 Persons Present

Special to the Sunday American. Lynn, Aug. 6.—(Dated from Lynn, Mass.) The annual political gathering of the Republican Association in the town of Saugus, which attracted a gathering of 15,000 persons, who came to participate in the annual barbecue that marked the opening of the Bennett bar.

The clashing of political forces in which the Bennett bar played a part, the snatching of a glass of beer from the hand of a man who was charged with stealing glassware, all went to make up a list of incidents that marked the afternoon of the annual barbecue.

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During the afternoon speeches were made by Mr. Bennett and the mayor of Saugus, Mr. Bennett, who is a candidate for the nomination of the Republican Association for the seventh congressional district.

Beautiful Wife of the Young Bank Clerk Who Shot Himself in Central Park May Face Bigamy Proceedings

By Boston American. New York, Aug. 6.—(Dated from New York, N. Y.) The wife of the young bank clerk who shot himself in Central Park last week, is expected to face bigamy proceedings.

Developments in the mystery surrounding the shooting of James J. Connelley, a young man who shot himself in Central Park last week, are expected to face bigamy proceedings.

James McDonald, living at the corner of Elm and Austin streets, Dorchester, was arrested by the Boston police last week, charged with the murder of a woman who was shot in Central Park last week.

Shortly before he was removed to the hospital, he was charged with the murder of a woman who was shot in Central Park last week.

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THREE SISTERS IN A TRIPLE WEDDING



ERMAINE ROY, CELINIA ROY, MERIELLIS ROY. ENTER BY C. H. LINDSAY. PHOTO BY J. H. LINDSAY. PHOTO BY J. H. LINDSAY.

Special to the Sunday American. New Hampshire, Aug. 6.—(Dated from New Hampshire, N. H.) The wedding of three sisters, Ermaine, Celina, and Merrellis Roy, took place in the little French church at Goff's Falls, N. H., last Sunday. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Francis X. Lorne, pastor of the church.

Two Brothers and Their Chums Are the Grooms. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. Francis X. Lorne, pastor of the church.

COMBOLIAN MOB OUR CONSUL AT BOGOTA. Mr. Snyder Only Saved from Serious Injury by the Prompt Action of the Government Authorities, Who Sent Him Help

Special to the Sunday American. Bogota, Aug. 6.—(Dated from Bogota, Colombia, N. H.) The consul at Bogota, Colombia, N. H., was attacked by a mob of Combolians last Sunday. The consul was injured, but was saved by the prompt action of the government authorities.

Master Pembroke Jones Has Invented Unique Vehicle to Be Used on Ocean Drive This Week—Chums Invited

Special to the Sunday American. Newport, R. I., Aug. 6.—(Dated from Newport, R. I.) Master Pembroke Jones, of Newport, R. I., has invented a unique vehicle to be used on the ocean drive this week. The vehicle is a small car with a large wheel and a small engine.

7 SEA VICTIMS ON WAY TO WOODSOCKET. Persons Drowned Near Halifax Will Be Buried To-day, Probably.

Special to the Sunday American. Halifax, N. S., Aug. 6.—(Dated from Halifax, N. S.) Seven persons were drowned near Halifax, N. S., last Sunday. The bodies of the victims are being brought to Woodsocket, N. S., to be buried to-day.

BOY FALLS FROM BRIDGE, DROWNS. Little Five-year-old Frank Griffin of Hyde Park fell from a bridge on the Midland Division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad yesterday morning and was drowned.

Sanford's Ginger. For "water-melon," cramps, pains, colds, chills, bowels, loss of appetite, indigestion, weakness, nervousness and sleeplessness, during hot weather, for change of water, food, climate, and fatigue inseparable from travel, and a hundred everyday ills, Sanford's Ginger is of priceless value.

THE BENEDICT & MACFARLANE CO. Paid Up Capital, \$100,000.00. Home Office: 277 Broadway, New York. BOSTON BRANCH: Boston Trading Association, 156 Tremont St.

BOSTON REALTY MARKET ACTIVELY

Number of Transfers, Both in the City and Suburbs, Large Enough to Keep the Brokers Busily Engaged

All things considered, the real estate market is in about Boston continues to be enough to keep most of the brokers busy engaged. The number of transfers is fairly large for the midsummer season, both in the city and suburbs.

By the starting of work of construction on the new hotel building, which will have a capacity of about 100 rooms, the building value in this city should be heavily increased during the latter half of the current year.

Further settlement has been made on behalf of the city of Boston for property taken on Washington and Ash streets, the same to be utilized for the entrance to the proposed Washington street subway.

Property on Parker street, Roxbury, has been transferred by Elias F. L. Morin to Mary E. Thayer. The property which is assessed on a basis of \$10,000 valuation cost \$2,500. The property is a two-story house with a small garden.

Townsend Estate Sold. An important transaction is reported from South Natick in the sale of the Dr. Townsend estate to a man whose name is withheld. The property originally cost \$25,000. It is sold for \$1,000 through E. J. Harrington Co.

Threatens Wife--AND GOES TO JAIL. Frank Bettencourt Would Kill His Wife for Deserting Him. Is Arrested Instead.

By Boston American. New York, Aug. 6.—(Dated from New York, N. Y.) A man who threatened to kill his wife for deserting him, was arrested by the police last Sunday. The man is Frank Bettencourt, of New York.

LYNN BANNER CITY IN REALTY GROWTH. Special to the Sunday American. Lynn, Aug. 6.—(Dated from Lynn, Mass.) The real estate market in Lynn is showing a steady growth. The number of transfers is large for the midsummer season.

WALL PAPERS. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

ASTROLOGY. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

DIVORCES. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

TYPEWRITERS. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

DOGS, CATS, ETC. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

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MOTHER JONES IN TALK TO WOMEN

Mother Jones and Dr. George W. Calver, of the Emergency Hospital, Boston, who dressed a large gathering on the lawn of the Lynn estate of John W. Hutchinson, the well-known singer, yesterday afternoon. The occasion of the gathering was a little held under the auspices of the Lynn Lyric Club, a women's organization.

BLINDNESS. Saddest of All Fates. Our special... Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

CHILDREN. DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

SAFES. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

PERSONAL. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

PENSIONS. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

AGE PENSIERS. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

SEWING MACHINES. Not sold, 10c per line; displayed, 20c per line.

TEXTILE STRIKE NOW TEST OF STRENGTH.

Two Weeks of Idleness Has
Resulted in No Defections
from Either Side at Fall
River—Is a Waiting Game

RELIEF COMING IN
FAST FOR STRIKERS

Great Demand for the Free
Lunches—One Pitiful Case
of Destitution Is Brought
to Light and Is Relieved

Special to the Sunday American.
Fall River, Aug. 6.—The week of the great cotton mill strike has passed, and the situation has changed materially. The indecision of the strike by the American Federation of Labor, the liberal support, financial as well as moral, that the textile workers are receiving from outside, as well as inside this city, and the fact that there has been no break in the ranks of the striking operatives has strengthened the labor leaders in their determination to continue the fight until the workers win, to the full length of short. On the other hand, there has been such far an open break in the lines of the strikers, and it is again the fact that the strikers are bringing all possible pressure to bear on the managers of their mills to influence them to reopen at the old wage, the main feature of the strike, as held, a front as on the day the trouble began.

The president of the Manufacturers' association and the president of the United Textile Workers of America make the situation in England, through the courtesy of the BOSTON HUNTING ASSOCIATION.

Golden Optimistic.
"With the closing of the second week I see nothing disheartening to organized labor in this great textile strike, while the other hand the donations, expenditures of sympathy and arrangements for carrying on the conflict have never been equalled in any previous local labor trouble. This week President John Golden of the United Textile Workers.

There are many strikers here who would be willing to change their plan before their association. The strikers, however, do not generally look upon it as a scheme with favor. They say that the strikers for instance, are not in a position to do so.

A. F. of L. Encouragement.
The official sanction of the strike by the executive committee of the American Federation of Labor in a sense of great encouragement to the Fall River operatives, although they have been somewhat reluctant to do so, is the only thing that would be forthcoming. This and only give the strikers the moral support of this great organization, but financial support as well.

A Pitiful Case.
The Rescue Mission care across a pitiful case to-day. A brother and two children were left by the house for a week ago. He walked out of town to seek work. They had not heard from him and had not seen him since. The case of his absence is a very sad one.

"MOTHER" JONES SAYS
STRIKERS WILL WIN
Mrs. Mary Jones, well and affectionately known to labor circles, is a woman of over—more especially to mine workers.

By "Mother" Jones.
I am sorry, friends in Fall River, that I cannot come and speak to you. But my day to the poor miners is over. I am in West Virginia and in Colorado, where they had no strike. I am in the strike because I was a friend of the workers, because I was a friend of the workers, because I was a friend of the workers.

HAD BULLET CUT FROM HER SKIN



JULIA RANDALL
SUBJECT OF DIFFICULT OPERATION.
The above diagram shows how the bullet entered Mrs. Andy's spine and how it was removed.
Shot by Man Whom She Had Repelled, She Recovers from Wounds and Then Undergoes Wonderful Experiment
Special to the Sunday American.
Providence, R. I., Aug. 6.—After having a bullet cut out of her spine, in one of the most difficult and dangerous operations known to modern surgery, Mrs. Julia Randall of this city is recovering in Rhode Island Hospital.

Providence Woman Survives Odd Operation.
The above diagram shows how the bullet entered Mrs. Andy's spine and how it was removed.
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BOSTON MOTORISTS DO NOT GIVE UP LIFE TO SWEET PASTOR FROM JAPAN.

Youth of 12 Years Knocked Down in Attempt to Stop a Runaway and Is Dying of His Injuries at the Hospital

BALTIMORE CAR HIT BY AN EXPRESS TRAIN

By Boston American Leased Wire.
Chicago, Aug. 6.—Covered with mud and dust, and smiling, the automobile motorist from New York, Boston and other cities, escorted by a delegation from the Chicago Automobile Club arrived in Chicago this afternoon. There were thirty-three cars in the cavalcade from the East. They were lodged at South Road Friday night by fourteen cars from Chicago and were entertained there by the local Automobile Club.

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CAR WILL OSE, SSS PASTOR FROM JAPAN.

Cambridge Missionary Declares That Even Japanese Women Will Fight to Defeat Russians in Manchuria

MIKADO'S MEN THANK U. S. FOR SYMPATHY

Special to the Sunday American.
Boston, Aug. 6.—The week of the great cotton mill strike has passed, and the situation has changed materially. The indecision of the strike by the American Federation of Labor, the liberal support, financial as well as moral, that the textile workers are receiving from outside, as well as inside this city, and the fact that there has been no break in the ranks of the striking operatives has strengthened the labor leaders in their determination to continue the fight until the workers win, to the full length of short.

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PROVIDENCE LOSES A VALUED CITIZEN

Special to the Sunday American.
Providence, Aug. 6.—Michael Thompson, one of the foremost citizens of the State, died at his home in this city to-day, in his sixty-third year. He was a delegate of the convention which named Benjamin Harrison for President in 1888, and had for years been a dealer in wool, shoddy and ducks.

GRAND ARMY VETERAN FOUND DEAD IN BEAD

Special to the Sunday American.
Providence, Aug. 6.—A body was found dead in a bed in the rooming house of William A. Campbell, of Oxford, a prominent member of Charles River Post, No. 1, of the Grand Army of the Republic, his wife, after retiring in his usual good health. Mr. Campbell last week was engaged to attend the convention of the Grand Army of the Republic at Worcester, and was returning to his home in Providence on the morning of the discovery.

CRUSHED BY ENGINE, BOY IS STILL ALIVE

Special to the Sunday American.
Providence, Aug. 6.—A boy, about ten years of age, was crushed by a steam engine on the Providence and Worcester Railroad, near the city of Providence, on the morning of the discovery. The boy was found lying on the tracks, and was taken to the Providence Hospital, where he is now recovering from his injuries.

POLICE HAVE NEW CLUE IN BURNS MYSTERY.

Special to the Sunday American.
Providence, Aug. 6.—The movements of Frank J. Burns, the missing jewelry salesman, supposed to have been murdered, and Walter E. Burns, the alleged thief, are being traced by the police. The police have discovered a new clue in the case, and are now working on it.

ALLEGED SALESMAN LEFT ATOL WITH WALTER SMITH, NOW JAILED ON CHARGE OF TAKING BURNS'S SAMPLE CASE

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STEALING A RIDE, KILLED BY THE CARS

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE BOSTON AMERICAN TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT THE PUBLICATION OF THE

GREATEST NOVEL

ever written of

Boston Life

WILL BEGIN IN THE

BOSTON AMERICAN

on Monday, August 8.

It Is Entitled

THE BURNING OF

THE BURNING OF

THE BURNING OF

THE BURNING OF

The story, which will be printed in daily instalments until finished, tells the thrilling romance of the life and love of a beautiful Boston working girl, who rises through exciting adventures from poverty to wealth.

Each instalment will be elaborately illustrated.

Watch for it To-morrow! You cannot afford to miss it!